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1904

METLAKAHTLA

A . TRVE . NARRATIVE
OF . THE . RED . MAN

Galen A. Myers

A Merry Christmas

Master Morris M

From

Auntie Reiter.

1905

METLAKAHTLA

DEDICATED TO

WILLIAM DUNCAN

THE

HEROIC FOUNDER

AND

PRESENT HEAD

OF THE

METLAKAHTLA SETTLEMENT

METLAKAHTLA

A TRUE NARRATIVE
OF . THE . RED . MAN

By GEORGE T. B. DAVIS

Chicago:
THE RAM'S HORN COMPANY
1904

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METLAKAHTLA

By JULIA A. WILLIAMS

Metlakahtla! beauteous isle,
On the broad Pacific's breast;
What hath God wrought? an holy calm
Where once was fierce unrest.
In the dense light of human hearts
A glorious Light hath shined—
A dazzling shaft from Calvary's cross
With love and mercy twined.
Slumber, to wake no more
Within that city's sea-girt wall,
The passions once untamed
That held our brethren there in thrall.
Metlakahtla! precious jewel
On the bosom of the sea,
God hath made thee what thou art,
Unto Him the glory be.

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CHAPTER I.

THE VISIT OF THE WARSHIP.

ADMIRAL PREVOST.

THE British warship H. M. S. Virago was steaming northward through the Pacific Ocean near the southern boundary of Alaska. The steady throb of the ship's engines was the only sound that broke the stillness of the beautiful mountainous islands among which the vessel was wending its way.

It was the year 1853, and several days had passed since the ship had left Victoria, five hundred miles southward. The warship had kept close to the Canadian coast throughout the journey and was now nearing Queen Charlotte Islands, where an American schooner had recently been plundered and destroyed by the savage Indian inhabitants. The warship had come to punish the offenders.

The commander of the vessel, Captain

J. C. Prevost, was a robust Englishman of middle age, who was as thorough a Christian as he was valiant a commander.

After anchoring in the bay a searching investigation of several days was made, but Captain Prevost was unable to fix the guilt upon any particular tribe. Hence, he assembled the various chiefs and gave them stern warning of the power of the white man, telling them how easily his guns could thunder forth shot and shell and destroy every vestige of the village. In his own mind, Captain Prevost believed that Edensaw, the head chief of the Hydah tribes, was the guilty person, but certain proof being lacking, he could take no steps for his punishment. Before leaving, however, he took one step, very unusual, alas, among the commanders of warships. Calling Edensaw to one side he presented him with a copy of the New Testament, on the fly-leaf of which was written:

"From Captain Prevost, H. M. S. 'Satellite,' trusting that the bread thus cast upon the waters may be found after many days."

As the Captain handed the Indian chief the volume, little did he dream of the beautiful sequel to the action which would occur a quarter of a century later.

After leaving Queen Charlotte Islands, the ship kept her course northward for nearly a hundred miles further until Fort Simpson, a station of the Hudson Bay

Company, was reached. This trading-post was a heavily barricaded fort, surrounded by a large body of fierce Tsimshean Indians. So savage were these tribes that the inhabitants of the fort had on certain occasions kept sentinels on guard day and night for weeks at a time for fear of an attack and wholesale massacre. Captain Prevost's visit to the fort was for the double purpose of ascertaining whether all was well with the garrison, and of making some needed repairs to his vessel.

When the ship had dropped anchor the Commander ordered a number of small boats lowered and, surrounded by a heavy guard of armed marines, he was rowed ashore and the company marched to Fort Simpson, several hundred yards distant. As he passed through the long lines of fierce-looking and painted Indians, Captain Prevost was struck at once by their fine physique, but equally impressed by the degraded, savage, murderous appearance of their faces. He was filled with compassion for these ignorant children of the forest, who knew naught of love or peace, or true joy, but whose lives from the cradle to the grave were filled with fear and cruelty, and hate, and murder. At this time no protestant missionary had ever come into the Northland to tell the red men of the message from God contained in the Bible, and the only religion they knew was the Devil Worship taught by the cruel medicine men.

Arriving at the Fort, Captain Prevost received a hearty welcome from the garrison, for they thought the presence of the warship would have a salutary effect upon the red men. For a number of days the ship remained there undergoing repairs, the Captain meanwhile improving the time in studying the wild, untamed children of the forest. The more he saw of their nature, bold and defiant even in the face of imminent destruction, the more deeply was the conviction borne in upon his soul that what was needed to permanently restrain the Indians from murder and pillage, was not the presence of a warship, but of a missionary of the Gospel. He believed that the glad tidings of salvation could transform even these sad, warlike savages into happy, peaceful Christians and citizens, and a great desire sprang up in his heart to be himself the means of giving them the light.

The repairs completed, Captain Prevost ordered the vessel southward to Victoria, and during the following weeks and months, he went here and there in the North Pacific waters, quelling an Indian uprising in one place, settling an international dispute in another, and in general preserving the status quo in that far-off region.

But during all that time he did not forget the sad, dusky faces of the Tsimshean Indians at Fort Simpson. His desire to uplift them and enlighten their eyes that they

might see the true glory of life, grew rather than lessened with the passing months.

At length, in 1856, Captain Prevost was summoned to England for a conference with the officials of the English navy. While in London awaiting assignment to a new command the Captain attended an anniversary meeting of a leading missionary organization. Here he met Rev. Joseph Ridgeway, an official of the Church Missionary Society, and to him he poured out the desire of his heart concerning the Indians at Fort Simpson. Mr. Ridgeway was impressed by the graphic picture of the needs of the red men of the Northland, but declared there was no money in the treasury of the society to equip a missionary and send him out to that far distant region. However, he invited Captain Prevost to write an article on the land and the people of the North Pacific coast of America for their periodical, The Church Missionary Intelligencer. The Captain gladly accepted the offer and wrote an able article giving the history of the country, describing its soil, climate and products, and showing what a promising field was open to the missionary. He said in part:

"It is difficult to ascertain, with any degree of accuracy, the total number of the native population; a mean, however, between the highest and lowest estimates, gives 60,000, a result probably not far from the truth. It is a fact, well calculated to

arrest the attention, and to enlist in behalf of the proposed Mission the active sympathies of every sincere Christian, that this vast number of our fellow-subjects have remained in a state of heathen darkness and complete barbarism ever since the discovery and partial surveys of their coast by Vancouver in 1792-1794; and that no effort has yet been made for their moral or spiritual improvement, although, during the last forty years a most lucrative trade has been carried on with them by our fellow countrymen. We would most earnestly call upon all who have themselves learned to value the blessings of the Gospel, to assist in rolling away this reproach. The field is a most promising one. Some naval officers, who, in the discharge of their professional duties, have lately visited these regions, have been most favorably impressed with the highly intelligent character of the natives; and, struck by their manly bearing, and a physical appearance fully equal to that of the English, whom they also resemble in the fairness of their complexion; and having their compassion excited by their total destitution of Christian and moral instruction, they feel it to be their duty to endeavor to introduce among them the knowledge of the Gospel of Christ, under the conviction that it would prove the surest and most fruitful source of social improvement and civilization, as well as of spiritual blessings, infinitely more valuable,

and would be found the only effectual antidote to the contaminating vices which a rapidly increasing trade, especially with California and Oregon, is bringing in its train."

The plea of the Christian Captain met with a quick response. Among the gifts received by the missionary society soon afterward was one of $2,500, given by "Two Friends" for the work among the red men described by Captain Prevost.

In spite, however, of this gift the society hesitated to act. They had the money, but where was a suitable man to send. Thus, two or three months passed, when Captain Prevost came to them with the announcement that he had been re-appointed to his former naval station on the North Pacific coast, and was to leave almost immediately in command of the warship Satellite. Further, by the sanction of the Admiralty, he was enabled to offer a free passage in his ship to whatever missionary they might choose to send to the Fort Simpson Indians.

Eleven days before the Satellite was to sail on her journey to the other side of the globe this was the situation: Thousands of Indians at Fort Simpson needing the Gospel; $2,500.00 in the bank to send out a missionary; a warship ready to transport the messenger of peace; and yet the committee unable to find the right man for this important missionary undertaking.

Could they find a man and could he get ready to embark in the short time remaining, was the problem that confronted the society. On the tenth day before the warship was ready to leave England, a young man then attending a missionary training school was suggested and his name approved by the committee.

Who he was, how he boarded the warship a few hours before its departure, and his strange and perilous experiences among the red men of America, in his efforts to win them to Christ, will be related as our story proceeds.

INDIAN BOYS OF METLAKAHTLA.

CHAPTER II.

THE ARRIVAL AMONG RED MEN.

WM. DUNCAN.

THE young man chosen by the committee for the hazardous mission to the American Indians was a student in the Highbury Training College in London named William Duncan. On the eighth day before the ship was to sail, Dr. Alford, the principal, called young Duncan into his study and, pointing to the north coast of America, asked whether he would volunteer to go there as a missionary to the Indians. The young man declared he had no objections whatever; that he was glad to go to whatever place the Society should assign him. Dr. Alford then informed him that he had been selected for the undertaking, that a free passage on the warship Satellite had been offered, and that he had only eight days in which to prepare his outfit, bid farewell to his relatives, and reach the ship at Plymouth.

The young man at once set about in haste making the needed preparations for his journey to the other side of the globe, from which it was quite possible he would never return. Just here, as he is earnestly striving to take advantage of the generous offer of Captain Prevost, let us glance at his previous life and see how he came to offer himself as a missionary to the heathen.

William Duncan was born in 1831, his early life being spent in Beverly, Yorkshire. While in his teens he entered the employ of a wholesale house, and showed such proficiency that in a few years he became clerk and traveling salesman. He was a member of the Church of England, and one evening, in company with another young man, his chum, attended a quarterly missionary meeting. It was a rainy night and there were only a few people present. Nevertheless, the speaker delivered an earnest address upon the condition of the missionary world at that time. He declared there were regions that sorely needed missionaries; that there were funds in hand to send out workers, but the men and women to go were lacking. These words made a deep impression upon the mind of young Duncan. He asked himself why he should not go, and decided that he would if an opportunity offered. The first person to whom he spoke on the subject was the bosom friend with whom he had attended the meeting. He suggested that they both

offer themselves for the work, and the friend consented. But, upon the young man's suggesting the plan to his mother, she declared his going would be her death-blow, and he reluctantly relinquished the idea.

Young Duncan, however, was not daunted by his friend's turning back, and told his pastor, Rev. Mr. Carr, of his newly formed desire. What was his surprise when Mr. Carr turned to him and said: "William, while we were listening to that address I thought of you and prayed in my heart that God would lead you to take up that work."

The minister wrote at once to the Church Missionary Society recommending William, and the result was that he was accepted as a missionary candidate and nominated to attend the Highbury Training School.

When William went to announce his resignation to the two men at the head of the wholesale firm he encountered strong opposition to his going. He was a valuable young man and they wished to keep him in their employ. One of the firm said that not only did he regret Duncan's leaving but that William himself would also regret it. The other partner said he thought the missionary cause would be better served by bringing natives from heathen lands to England and then sending them back instead of sending out missionaries to be killed. Their opposition did not alter young

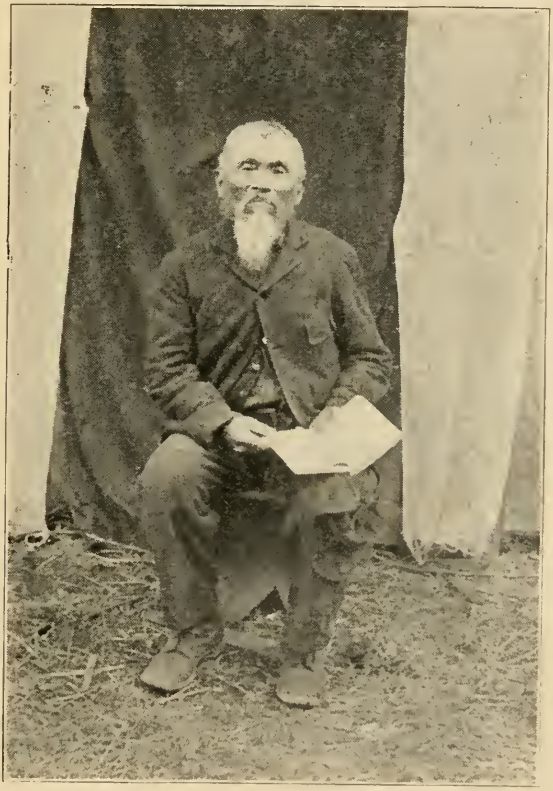
Duncan's resolution in the least, but to do the fair thing he offered to remain for six months longer, until they could secure a suitable man as his successor.

At the expiration of the allotted time he resigned his business duties, and entered Highbury College with what result we have noted above.

The Satellite was to leave Plymouth on Tuesday. On Monday evening the young man had succeeded in visiting his nearest relatives to bid them a hasty good-by, had bade farewell to the officials of the Church Missionary Society and had secured the needed outfit for the long journey. At 8 p. m. he left Paddington Station, London, accompanied by Dr. Alford, and reached Plymouth at 6 a. m. Tuesday morning. Together they went aboard the man-of-war, Satellite, where the doctor remained some hours giving final advice and encouragement to the young man, twenty-six years of age, who was about to depart on such an important mission. At 2 p. m., on the 22d of December, 1856, the ship steamed out of the harbor, and put to sea for a voyage of nearly twenty thousand miles around Cape Horn to the naval station at Victoria.

As he stands on the deck of the warship, taking a last look at the receding shore of England, let us inspect more closely the appearance and character of this brave young man who is starting on a heroic yet extremely hazardous enterprise to the other

side of the globe. He is of medium height, but firmly and strongly built, with every muscle instinct with life and energy. His



CLAH, FROM WHOM MR. DUNCAN LEARNED THE INDIAN LANGUAGE

face is beardless; his eyes large, blue, honest and fearless. His whole countenance and posture indicate a young man of strong

resolution and iron will. He is an idealist, but he has the force of character necessary to transmute his dreams into realities in the face of obstacles however difficult. Like Paul, the greatest missionary, he is not a man to shun dangers and perils by land or sea, but rather to exult in them, if thereby he can win men from darkness to light; and many are the perilous experiences through which young Duncan is destined to pass ere he again sees the shores of his native land.

In rounding the Cape terrific storms were encountered by the Satellite and on more than one occasion it was feared the ship would sink. But finally the dangerous regions were passed and on the 27th of June, 1857, after a voyage of over six months, Victoria was safely reached.

On landing, the officials of the powerful Hudson Bay Company informed Mr. Duncan that the Society had made an error in appointing him to Fort Simpson, over five hundred miles north of Victoria, as the Indians in that country were in a most barbarous condition, and the officials of the company could not be responsible for his safety. They advised him to work among the Indians around Victoria, where he could be afforded ample protection. Sir James Douglass was then governor both of Vancouver Island and of the Hudson Bay Company in that vicinity. Shortly after the arrival he and Captain Prevost walked

with Mr. Duncan to the home of Rev. E. Cridge of Victoria, discussing the matter. Sir James plainly gave the Captain to understand that he and others objected to Mr. Duncan's proceeding northward. But the Captain scouted the idea of his not going forward and declared that if the company refused to let Mr. Duncan proceed to Fort Simpson that he would carry him back to England on his ship.

At this point the governor turned to Mr. Duncan and said: "As you are the most interested party I would like to see you in private on the subject. Please come and take dinner with me this evening." After dinner the Governor appeared in a more conciliatory frame of mind and after stating his fears that his life would be taken, said: "Do you still persist in wishing to go northward?"

Mr. Duncan replied: "I cannot possibly entertain any change in my plans. I have been assigned to Fort Simpson, and cannot work elsewhere without first consulting with the Society in London which would take a year's time. If you will permit me to go, all I will ask of you and the Hudson Bay Company is that I be given the protection of the Fort until I can speak the native language. Then I will take the risk of going out among the Indians without involving the Company in any further responsibility."

Sir James then very kindly said: "You

shall go and I will give instructions to the Fort to treat you as one of the officers. The only condition being that you do not call the Indians within the Fort for any meeting."

Mr. Duncan was now ready to proceed at once to the northland. But for the following three months he was compelled to remain in Victoria, as a steamer only went to the Fort twice yearly: once in the Spring and again in the Autumn.

In the latter part of September he embarked for the final journey of five hundred miles. One of the ports where the ship called was Fort Rupert, where there was a settlement of one thousand Indians, and there Mr. Duncan caught his first glimpse of the savage, ferocious character of the northern tribes. It was a sight dreadful enough to make the heart of any save the most heroic missionary quake with fear. Scattered about on the beach lay the dead and mangled bodies of a band of Hydah Indians who had stopped there on a journey homeward a few days previous, and had been attacked and the bodies hacked to pieces by the resident tribes. All but two of the party had been killed and those were held as prisoners.

The arrival at Fort Simpson occurred at night when it was so dark one could not see his hand before him. Soon their coming was heralded throughout the Indian camp, and in a few moments the beach was

alive with excited figures running hither and thither waving fire-brands of welcome.

The following day Mr. Duncan examined the Fort and found it consisted of dwellings, and warehouses, trading stores and workshops enclosed within a stockade one hundred yards square. The palisade was very solid, being built of heavy tree trunks sunk into the ground and projecting about twenty feet upward. At the corners were wooden bastions, mounted with cannon. On the inside of the stockade near the top a platform or gallery had been constructed from which one could view the surrounding country, or fire at an enemy, and on which the garrison was accustomed to take daily exercise. The entire garrison numbered scarcely more than twenty persons, while two or three thousand Tsimshean Indians lived nearby. Hence the greatest caution had to be constantly exercised for fear of a wholesale massacre. For this reason more than two or three Indians were never admitted into the Fort at one time.

Immediately, Mr. Duncan set about to find an Indian from whom he could learn the Tsimshean language. He selected Clah, who had access to the Fort, but who was unable to speak English, and began without delay.

The evening following his arrival at the Fort Mr. Duncan beheld with his own eyes the awful fact that the Indians he had come so many thousand miles to win to Christ

were not only savages, but in a sense cannibals! In the twilight he was walking on the gallery of the Fort when he saw a slave woman murdered on the beach at the command of a chief and the body thrown into the water. Presently two parties of Indians approached the spot, each headed by a naked medicine man, who performed wild and weird motions and gave forth horrible gutteral sounds, and in every way endeavored to work the minds of their followers into an hysterical, devilish condition. On reaching the body it was torn to pieces by the teeth of the beastly, demoniacal red men.

Within a week another significant event occurred, calculated to inspire fear and discouragement in the soul of any save a missionary whose heart was aflame with love and who did not count his life dear, provided he could follow in the footsteps of his Master. In the near vicinity of Fort Simpson there were located nine tribes of Tsimshean Indians. Each tribe had its own chief, but a famous medicine man named Legaic was the head chief of all the tribes of the Tsimshean nation. Legaic was several times a murderer and one of the most desperate and wicked Indians on the North Pacific Coast. A few days after Mr. Duncan's arrival he had, while partly intoxicated, been holding a conference with some subordinate chiefs. Their words had angered him, and he departed from the

meeting in an irritable mood. Meeting a strange Indian from a neighboring tribe within a few hundred feet of the Fort, he shot him down in cold blood, simply because he was feeling disgruntled. Then with Satanic indifference, he ordered two of his men to go and fire two more shots into the helpless, wounded Indian. An officer of the Fort, walking on the gallery, had witnessed the chief's devilish deed, and Mr. Duncan himself saw the last shots fired by the subordinates.

Was Mr. Duncan discouraged by this appalling outburst of savagery? Not at all. But it was well that he did not know what the future held in store for him not many months distant in connection with this same Legaic.

THE GENERAL STORE AT METLAKAHTLA
AND MR. DUNCAN'S OFFICE

CHAPTER III.

RESCUED BY PROVIDENCE.

PAUL LEGAIC
WHO ATTEMPTED TO TAKE
MR. DUNCAN'S LIFE.

WITH the assistance of Clah, who became warmly attached to him, Mr. Duncan made rapid progress in learning the Tsimshean language. His method was as follows: Selecting fifteen hundred of the commonest English words from the dictionary he sought to discover from Clah the Tsimshean equivalents for them. Many were the difficult and often amusing experiences which occurred in this attempt to formulate and put down in order for the first time the native tongue of the Indians. By patient and oft-repeated signs he finally wrote phonetically in English 1,500 words and 1,100 short sentences.

Early in the year 1858, not long after Mr. Duncan's arrival at the Fort, he received a

significant visit from one of the Tsimshean Indians.

The native said to him: "What do you mean by 1858?"

Mr. Duncan informed him that 1858 represented the number of years that had passed since Christ came to earth with the message of salvation.

The Indian then said: "Why didn't you tell us of this before? Why were not our fore-fathers told this?"

To this pertinent and accusing query Mr. Duncan could make no reply, for he realized anew the guilt of the church in taking its ease for so many centuries while thousands and millions of men and women and children, red and yellow and black, were perishing without the Gospel.

The Indian then asked: "Have you got the Word of God?"

Translated into English the Indian's query meant: "Have you got a letter from God?" Hence Mr. Duncan answered: "Yes, I have God's letter."

"I want to see it," said the native.

Mr. Duncan went to get his Bible, glad of an opportunity to impress upon the Indian mind the fact that he had brought a message, not from any human being, but from the King of Kings, the God of Heaven. It had been rumored throughout the Indian camp that the white missionary had a message from God and this man was eager to see it and confirm the report.

When Mr. Duncan brought the Bible to him he asked: "Is this the Word?"

"Yes," said Mr. Duncan, "it is."

"The Word from God?"

"It is."

"Has He sent it to us?"

"He has, just as much as He has to me," replied Mr. Duncan.

"Are you going to tell the Indians that?" he asked.

"I am."

"Good, that is very good," he said, and departed to spread the good news throughout the camp.

It was not until the summer of 1858, after a period of eight months of diligent study of the language, that Mr. Duncan ventured to formally address the Indians in their native tongue. During the winter, however, he frequently visited among them, endeavoring to prepare the way for the presentation of his formal message in Tsimshean. To the Church Missionary Society in London Mr. Duncan wrote a vivid letter, describing his first general visit among the natives. Part of it read as follows:

"It would be impossible for me to give a full description of this, my first general visit, for the scenes were too exciting and too crowded to admit of it. I confess that cluster after cluster of these half-naked savages round their camp-fires was, to my unaccustomed eyes, very alarming. But the reception I met with was truly wonderful

and encouraging. On entering a house I was saluted by one, two or three of the principal persons with 'Clah-how-yah,' which is the complimentary term used in the trading jargon. This would be repeated several times. Then a general movement and a squatting ensued, followed by a breathless silence, during which every eye was fixed upon me. After a time several would begin nodding and smiling, at the same time reiterating in a low tone, 'Ahm, ahm, ah ket, ahm, Shimauget' (good, kind person, good chief.)

"In some houses they would not be content until I took the chief place near the fire, and they always placed a mat upon a box for me to sit upon. My inquiries after the sick were always followed by anxious looks and deep sighs. A kind of solemn awe would spread itself at once."

In the course of his visits among the people Mr. Duncan carefully noted the religious ideas which the Indians had held in their savage condition. As the result of his observations he found the following peculiar beliefs held sway over their minds and hearts, and doubtless had done so for ages past:

"The idea they entertain of God is that He is a great Chief. They call Him by the same term as they do their chiefs, only adding the word for above: thus, 'shimauget' is chief and 'lakkah' above; and hence the name of God with them is Shimauget Lak-

kah. They believe that the Supreme Being never dies; that He takes great notice of what is going on amongst men, and is frequently angry and punishes offenders. They do not know who is the author of the universe, nor do they expect that God is the author of their own being. They have no fixed ideas about these things, I fully believe; still they frequently appeal to God in trouble; they ask for pity and deliverance. In great extremities of sickness they address God, saying it is not good for them to die."

With these hazy feelings of a divine Ruler of the world, the Indians "felt after God, if haply they might find Him." But those faint glimmerings of religion did not constitute the Gospel, and in what a sad condition they had left the red men of the forest, for lo, these many centuries!

On the 13th of June, 1858, Mr. Duncan delivered his first formal message to the Tsimsheans in their native speech. Describing the memorable occasion in his journal, he wrote:

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and let all creation join in chorus to bless His Holy Name. True to His word, 'He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength.' Bless forever His Holy Name!

"Last week I finished translating my first address for the Indians. Although it was not entirely to my satisfaction, I felt it

JOHN TAIT, AN EARLY CONVERT (BEFORE THE DOOR) AND HIS RELATIVES AS THEY APPEAR TODAY.

would be wrong to withhold the message any longer. Accordingly, I sent word last night (not being ready before) to the chiefs, desiring to use their houses today to address their people in. This morning I set off, accompanied by the young Indian (Clah) whom I have had occasionally to assist me in the language. In a few minutes we arrived at the first chief's house, which I found all prepared, and we mustered about one hundred souls. This was the first assembly of Indians I had met. My heart quailed greatly before the work—a people for the first time come to hear the Gospel tidings, and I, the poor instrument, to address them in a tongue so new and different to me. Oh, those moments! I began to think that after all I should be obliged to get Clah to speak to them, while I read to them from a paper in my hand. Blessed be God, this lame resolution was not carried. My Indian was so unnerved at my proposal that I quickly saw I must do the best I could by myself, or worse would come of it. I then told them to shut the door. The Lord strengthened me. I knelt down to crave God's blessing, and afterwards I gave them the address. They were all remarkably attentive. At the conclusion I desired them to kneel down. They immediately complied, and I offered up prayer for them in English. They preserved great silence. All being done, I bade them good-by. They all responded with seeming

thankfulness. On leaving, I asked my Indian if they understood me, and one of the chief women very seriously replied, 'Nee, nee,' (yes); and he (Clah) assured me that from their looks he knew that they understood and felt it to be good.

"We then went to the next chief's house, where we found all ready, a canoe-sail spread for me to stand on, and a mat placed on a box for me to sit upon. About 150 souls assembled, and as there were a few of the Fort people present I first gave them a short address in English, and then the one in Tsimshean. All knelt in prayer, and were very attentive as at the other place. This is the head chief's house. He is a very wicked man, but he was present, and admonished the people to behave themselves during my stay.

"After this I went in succession to the other seven tribes, and addressed them in the chiefs' houses. In each case I found the chief very kind and attentive in preparing his house and assembling his people. The smallest company I addressed was about fifty souls, and the largest about 200. Their obedience to my request about kneeling was universal, but in the house where there were over 200 some confusion took place, as they were sitting so close. However, when they heard me begin to pray, they were instantly quiet. Thus the Lord helped me through. About 800 or 900 souls in all have heard me speak; and the greater

number of them, I feel certain, have understood the message. May the Lord make it the beginning of great good for this pitiable and long-lost people."

Mr. Duncan's next endeavor was to establish a school where instruction would be given in both secular and spiritual things. What was his surprise and delight when the notorious head-chief Legaic offered his large house in which to conduct it for a time. About two weeks later it was opened with an attendance of twenty-six children in the forenoon and fourteen or fifteen adults in the afternoon. Everything went happily for a few weeks, until Legaic and his wife departed on a fishing expedition, and the house was closed.

The school was such a success, however, and was proving such an effective means of attracting the Indians, that Mr. Duncan set about building a school-house at once. Late in the autumn it was completed and on the 19th of November, the opening day of school, there was registered an enrollment of one hundred and forty children and fifty adults. As the days and weeks passed the interest grew rather than lessened and the Gospel teaching was making rapid inroads upon the heathen ideas and customs.

There was one class of men amongst the Indians to whom the teaching was doubly displeasing; namely, the medicine men. They were the high priests of the heathen religion, and the spread of knowledge and

the Gospel meant the deathblow to their calling and the position of honor in which they were now held. Four chiefs had already abandoned their medicine practices and were giving earnest heed to Mr. Duncan's instruction.

As the month of December progressed the season drew near for the holding of the annual medicine rites and ceremonies, which were attended by large numbers of visitors from other tribes and were marked by devilish abominations and much debauchery. Legaic and other leading medicine men held a conference and sent notice to Mr. Duncan through the manager of the Fort that he must close the school for four weeks while the medicine work was in progress. He declared that such a course was impossible. A little later he received word that the chiefs would be content provided the school was closed for two weeks—and that afterward they would all come to be instructed —while if he did not comply with their request, the pupils would be shot as they came to school. Mr. Duncan knew that his own life as well as that of the scholars would be in danger if he refused, but his duty in the matter was perfectly plain. Like Daniel of old he determined to do right whether he lived or died. He returned answer that he could not close the school a single day in deference to their heathen abominations; that Satan had ruled there long enough and it was time his rule should be disturbed.

A few days later, on the 20th of December, as the children were assembling for the afternoon session of the school, Mr. Duncan looked out of the door and saw Legaic approaching, followed by a motley crowd of medicine men dressed in their fantastic garb. When they reached the building, Legaic shouted at the top of his voice to the few children who had just come in, ordering them to hurry home at once. He then entered the room, followed by seven or more of the medicine men, and drawing near to Mr. Duncan, they tried to intimidate him by their terrorizing language and frightful appearance. Legaic declared the school must be closed four days, at least, or he would shoot at the pupils as they came to school; that if he was unable to stop the school medicine men from other tribes would shame and perhaps kill him; that he knew how to kill men (drawing his hand across his throat as he spoke); that he was a wicked man and would go down anyway.

God enabled Mr. Duncan to stand calmly during the long harangue, and then to address the intruders with far more fluency than usual. He was enabled to tell them of their sin faithfully, and to vindicate his own conduct. He declared that God was his Master and that he must obey Him rather than men; that the devil had taught their fathers what they were practising and

it was bad; that he had come to tell them of God's way and it was good.

During the excited scene, which lasted fully an hour, Legaic once pointed to two men standing near and said they were murderers as well as himself, hence it was useless for them to go to school. At this point Mr. Duncan broke in, declaring the Gospel was for murderers as well as others; that if they would repent and amend they could still be saved.

Toward the close of the interview, however, two vile-looking confederates went and whispered something into Legaic's ear; doubtless a taunt that he was afraid to kill the missionary. Legaic at once became passionately inflamed and drawing near to Mr. Duncan, gesticulated wildly, having a knife concealed in his right hand.

Without doubt, he was preparing to murder Mr. Duncan at once, when something occurred, which though human, was also providential and miraculous, and showed that God still watches over His servants, even as in the days of Daniel.

CHAPTER IV.

PLANNING A MODEL VILLAGE.

MRS. SAMUEL MARSDEN.

AS Legaic approached Mr. Duncan and was about raising his hand to slay him, he happened to glance behind him, and saw a person he had not previously observed, standing behind Mr. Duncan, silent, yet guarding him with eagle eyes. It was Clah, the faithful interpreter and friend. He had heard of the visit of the medicine men, and hastily securing his revolver had hurried to the school-house, resolved to shoot anyone who attempted the life of the missionary. He had entered the building unobserved by either Mr. Duncan or Legaic, and it was not until the latter drew near to Mr. Duncan that he saw Clah standing behind him. Legaic knew that Clah's hand, which was slipped just inside his blanket, contained a

revolver and that the moment he raised his arm to kill the missionary, he would be shot. With the new turn of affairs Legaic realized that his mission was a failure, and in a few moments sullenly withdrew, followed by his disappointed confederates.

Thus was Mr. Duncan's life wonderfully preserved and the Gospel triumphant over heathenism. The school was not closed, but Legaic's hostility continued and as his house stood near the school it was difficult for the children to attend. At this juncture another chief proffered the use of his house for the school, and it being in a less dangerous locality the offer was gladly accepted and the scholars transferred to the new place where rapid progress was made. Mr. Duncan's connection with Legaic by no means terminated with this incident. Of his future career we shall hear in detail as the narrative progresses.

The first Christmas spent by Mr. Duncan among the Tsimsheans was very different from his later ones. However, he did what he could to make the day notable, and to explain to the people its glorious meaning. In a letter to the Missionary Society he described the day in the following manner:

"Yesterday I told my scholars to bring their friends and relatives to school today, as I wanted to tell them something new. We numbered out two hundred souls. I tried to make them understand why we distinguished this day from others. After this

I questioned the children a little and then we sang two hymns, which we also translated. While the hymns were being sung, I felt I must try to do something more, although the language seemed to defy me. I never experienced such an inward burning to speak before, and therefore I determined to try an extemporaneous address in Tsimshean. The Lord helped me; a great stillness prevailed, and I think a great deal was understood of what I said. I told them of our condition, the pity and love of God, the death of the Son of God on our account, and the benefits arising to us therefrom, and exhorted them to leave their sins and pray to Jesus. On my enumerating the sins of which they are guilty, I saw some look at each other with those significant looks which betoken their assent to what I said. I tried to impress upon them the certain ruin which awaits them if they proceed in their present vices. Very remarkably an illustration corroborating what I had said was before their eyes. A poor woman was taken sick not four yards from where I stood, and right before the eyes of my audience. She was groaning under a frightful affliction, the result of her vices."

During the ensuing four years Mr. Duncan made slow but steady progress in instructing the people and wooing them from heathenism and savagery to Christianity and civilization; even Legaic often attending school and listening eagerly with the rest.

Nor were his efforts confined entirely to the nine Tsimshean tribes surrounding Fort Simpson. Occasionally he made journeys to interior tribes who had never heard the story of the Gospel. It was on a visit of this character up the Nass River that a most remarkable incident occurred. Let us give Mr. Duncan's own narrative of the visit as it was afterwards related by him:

"They had heard that I was coming, and the chief, in order to show his great delight at my arrival, put up what they call a large cap. Their cap was an umbrella. They had no idea of preventing rain from falling on their heads by its use, but looked upon it simply as a web-footed cap, and so they used it on state occasions. As soon as I landed I saw the man with the umbrella, and saw the excitement. He sent a message to this effect: 'I would like you to come into my house and I shall send my messenger to tell you so.'

"I immediately encamped upon the bank of the river. By and by I was told that all things were ready and prepared to receive me. I said to my little crew—for in those days I took only boys with me, being afraid to take men, as they might kill me for the purpose of getting my clothes—I said, 'What are they going to do when I go into the house?'

" 'Dance.'

" 'Tell them I did not come here to see

dancing, and I cannot go therefore.'

"They told the messenger to tell the chief that I objected to seeing them dance, that I had come with a solemn message to them.

"The chief replied, 'Tell the white chief he must come; if he doesn't come to me I won't go to hear his word; but if he will come I will go and hear him.'

"That changed the matter altogether. I had a little consultation with my boys, and they said, 'You had better go; if you do not go the chief will not come to hear what you have to say.'

"I walked up to his house, I confess, in a very grum kind of a spirit. I did not like to attend a dance. But I saw that I had to do it. I was very glad afterward that I did go. When I entered the house there was a person there ready to point out a seat for me. There was a bear-skin spread over a box for me to sit on. The chief had all of his men placed around in different portions of the house, which was a very large one. I observed that he had gotten a large sail and used it for a curtain in part of the room.

"Very soon I saw two men step out. One had a rod in his hand beating the floor. They had a kind of theatrical performance. The old man, after stamping his foot and putting his rod down very firmly, said, in his own language, of course, 'The heavens are changing.'

"The other man was there to respond,

'Yes, so it seems; the heavens are changing.'

"A few little remarks of this sort were

THOMAS EATON AND FAMILY.

made, and then the sail was drawn aside and out dashed the chief, dressed in most magnificent costume, his head being completely covered with feathers and other ornaments. He had his rattle in his hand. He

shook it before my face; walked up a little way to me and then put up his hand with his rattle in it; he looked through the hole in the center of the roof where the smoke came out, and immediately began a beautiful prayer. I was astonished. This was no dance. If I could only give you his prayer in his own beautiful and eloquent language, you would be astonished also. I can only give you the substance of it:

" 'Great Father in Heaven, pity us! Give us Thy good Book to do us good and to cleanse away our sins! This Chief (Mr. Duncan) has come to tell us about Thee. It is good, Great Father, we want to hear! Whoever came to tell our forefathers Thy will? No! no! But this Chief has pitied us and come. He has Thy Book. We will hear! We will receive Thy Word! We will obey!'

"When I heard this prayer I felt thunderstruck. I had expected to be disgusted at seeing their heathen abominations, but the people sat solemnly during the ceremonies, even saying amen to the prayer.

"After this the Indians began a chant, clapping their hands. It was an extemporaneous song and I listened to it with a great deal of pleasure. There was a man among them who extemporized the song as they sang it, verse by verse as they wanted it. The chant was a very plaintive one. I found the song was all about God having

sent His servant and His messenger to teach the Indians.

"When this was done the chief turned to me and made a short speech to the effect that they wanted me amongst them as they wanted God's Word. They wanted to cast away their evil ways and to be good."

Mr. Duncan spent the day visiting a number of houses, and invited every one to his tent for the evening address, where he told them as much as possible about the wonderful news of salvation.

The first public reception of Indian converts into the church occurred on the 26th of July, 1861, when fourteen men, five women and four children were baptized on their public profession of faith in Christ. Others also came forward, but it was thought best that they wait for a time; while several who believed in Christ were afraid to come boldly out for fear of their relatives.

As the years had passed since Mr. Duncan began his work among the Indians, he had realized more and more the necessity of separating the converts, and especially the children under instruction in the school, from the vices and immorality and heathenism around Fort Simpson. As early as 1859 he wrote as follows to the Missionary Society in London:

"What is to become of the children and young people under instruction, when temporal necessity compels them to leave school? If they are permitted to slip away

from me into the gulf of vice and misery which everywhere surrounds them, then the fate of these tribes is sealed, and the labor and money that has already been spent for their welfare might as well have been thrown away. The well-thinking part of the Indian people themselves see this, and are asking, nay, craving, a remedy. The head chief of one tribe (a very well-disposed old man) is constantly urging this question upon me, and begs that steps may be taken which shall give the Indians that are inclined, and especially the children now being taught, a chance and a help to become what good people desire them to be."

Gradually the conviction grew in his mind that what was demanded for the spiritual welfare of the Indians was a Christian colony, where peace and quiet would reign, where industries would be taught and toil rewarded, and where the terrible evils of fire-water would be unknown. He talked the plan over with his followers and they not only highly favored it, but suggested that the colony be located on the beautiful island of Metlakahtla*, only seventeen miles distant, where they and their forefathers had lived before they removed to Fort Simpson. So glowing were their accounts of the beauty and suitability of the island that Mr. Duncan visited it, and found it admirably adapted to the plan in every particular.

*Metlakahtla means "Inlet of Kahtla."

Mr. Duncan believed such a village would not only be an infinite blessing to the Indians themselves, but would be a Gospel lighthouse, shedding its radiance throughout the entire northland. In describing the project, he wrote: "All we want is God's favor and blessing, and then we may hope to build up in His good time, a model Christian village, reflecting light and radiating heat to all the spiritually dark and dead masses of humanity around us."

His first step toward the actual realization of the settlement was the drawing up of a set of fifteen rules which all who joined the colony would be required to sign. They were as follows:

1. To give up "Ahlied" or Indian deviltry.
2. To cease calling in "Shamans" or medicine men when sick.
3. To cease gambling.
4. To cease giving away their property for display.
5. To cease painting their faces.
6. To cease indulging in intoxicating drinks.
7. To rest on the Sabbath.
8. To attend religious instruction.
9. To send their children to school.
10. To be cleanly.
11. To be industrious.
12. To be peaceful.
13. To be liberal and honest in trade.
14. To build neat houses.

15. To pay the village tax.

In the winter of 1861-2 active preparations for the embarkation to the new home went forward, but it was not until May 27th that everything was in readiness for the long planned event. For some time previous to the day of departure Mr. Duncan devoted himself to visiting from house to house, and to delivering farewell addresses to the tribes in the homes of the chiefs.

Several days before the date set for departure the school-house was torn down and made into a raft on which ten Indians went in advance of the main group, piloting the logs through the sea seventeen miles to the island where it was to be speedily retransformed into a school-house.

Finally, the eventful day arrived and the party of pilgrims gathered on the shore, ready to set out on their journey. Those who had subscribed to the rules and were ready to leave home and friends for the sake of the Gospel numbered in all about fifty souls; men, women and children. Six large Indian canoes lay at the water's edge ready to receive the pilgrims and bear them to their new home. A large company of Indians had assembled to witness the departure and looked on with solemn and earnest faces, many promising to join the settlement in the near future.

As the heroic band entered the canoes they were filled with solemn joy at the thought of the Christian community in

which they were going to dwell. Mr. Duncan realized fully what an eventful page in the history of the Indians was being turned, and his joy was great when as the canoes left the shore, the sun which had been hid behind the rain-clouds, broke forth and disclosed to view a beautiful rainbow. It was a happy omen as the pilgrims departed for their new home on the island of Metlakahtla.

A CORNER IN AN INDIAN HOME OF TODAY

CHAPTER V.

THE ARCADIAN ISLE.

DAVID LEASK.

THE six Indian canoes freighted with heroic pilgrims had left Fort Simpson in the afternoon and it soon became evident that they could not reach Metlakahtla until late at night. Hence, when they reached a good camping place only a few miles from the Fort, the canoes were headed for the shore, and soon all were on the beach gathering fuel for fires and preparing tents and blankets for the night. After supper all gathered around the camp-fire while Mr. Duncan conducted evening prayers. It was a beautiful and impressive sight and one long to be remembered, to see those Indians, who, only a short time since were degraded savages, sitting quietly around the camp-fire with faces aglow with Christian joy, singing praises to their Creator and King in softly flowing Tsimshean accents.

Mr. Leask was for many years a leader among the Metlakahtla Indians.

Early the next morning they broke camp and in a few hours reached the shore of their new island home, where much eventful history was to occur during the coming years.

During the next few days all were actively engaged in selecting sites for their homes and in making preparations to build. Each evening after the labor of the day, they gathered together on the beach, like a large, happy family, for prayer and singing and a short Scripture address by Mr. Duncan.

Only four or five days after their arrival others began coming from Fort Simpson, singly and in groups, while on the 6th of June great excitement was created by the arrival of thirty canoes, bringing three hundred souls, with two chiefs.

Scarcely had the exodus occurred when a fearful plague of small-pox broke out at Fort Simpson, which swept away over five hundred Indians and spread up and down the coast carrying death and desolation in its wake. In terror they fled in all directions from the dread disease, many now coming to Metlakahtla and pleading to be allowed to join the colony. Most of them were admitted, but some who were still steeped in heathenism Mr. Duncan was compelled to refuse. Many of the newcomers were infected with the small-pox and Mr. Duncan was kept busy day and night tending the sick. The members of

the original colony were wonderfully preserved from the plague, only five of them dying, three of these deaths being occasioned by attending sick relatives who already had the disease when they reached the island.

The colonists fervently thanked God for their marvelous escape from the surrounding destruction, and as the plague subsided they set earnestly to work to build up a handsome village which should be a veritable Christian Arcadia.

Since he had left Victoria, Mr. Duncan had by no means been forgotten by the governor, Sir James Douglas. The governor took pains to converse with Indians who had been under Mr. Duncan's instruction when they visited Victoria, and was delighted at the results observed. He requested Mr. Duncan to send him reports from time to time concerning the progress of the mission.

The governor's request was gladly complied with by Mr. Duncan, and in a report sent in the spring of 1863, about ten months after the arrival at Metlakahtla, he wrote Sir James a long letter, giving many interesting details of the new settlement. A part of the communication was as follows:

"To many who have joined me, the surrendering their national and heathen customs performed over the sick—ceasing to give away, tear up, or receive blankets, etc., for display, dropping precipitately

their demoniacal rites, which have hitherto and for ages filled up their time and engrossed all their care during the months of winter; laying aside gambling, and ceasing to paint their faces—had been like cutting off the right hand and plucking out the right eye. Yet I am thankful to tell you that these sacrifices have been made; and had your Excellency heard the speeches made by the chiefs and some of the principal men at our Christmas evening meeting, alluding to these and other matters, you would, I am sure, have rejoiced.

"On New Year's Day the male adult settlers came cheerfully forward to pay the village tax, which I had previously proposed to levy yearly, viz., one blanket, or two and one half dollars of such as have attained manhood, and one shirt, or one dollar of such as are approaching manhood. Out of 130 amenable we had only ten defaulters and these were excused on account of poverty. Our revenue for this year thus gathered amounts to one green, one blue, and ninety-four white blankets, one pair of white trousers, one dressed elk skin, seventeen shirts and seven dollars. The half of this property I propose to divide among the three chiefs who are with us, in recognition of stated services which they will be required to render to the settlement, and the other half to spend in public works.

"As to our government; all disputes and difficulties are settled by myself and ten

constables; but I occasionally call in the chiefs, and intend to do so more and more, and when they become sufficiently instructed, trustworthy and influential, I shall leave civil matters in their hands. I find the Indians very obedient, and comparatively easy to manage, since I allow no intoxicating drinks to come into our village. Though we are continually hearing of the drunken festivals of the surrounding tribes I am happy to tell you that Metlakahtla has not yet witnessed a case of drunkenness since we have settled here—a period of ten months. Still, not all with me are true men. Some few, on their visits to Fort Simpson, have fallen; and two, whose cases were clearly proved and admitted of no extenuation, I have banished from our midst.

"On Sabbath days labor is laid aside, a solemn quiet presides and the best clothing is in use. Scarcely a soul remains away from divine service, excepting the sick and their nurses. Evening family devotions are common to almost every house, and, better than all, I have a hope that many have experienced a real change of heart. To God be all the praise and glory.

"We have succeeded in erecting a strong and useful building, capable of containing at least 600 people, which we use as church and school. We held our first meeting in this building on the night it was finished, the 20th of December last. I have about one hundred children who attend morn-

THE INDIANS TAKING LUNCH ON THE ICE DURING A SKATING PARTY.

ing and afternoon and about one hundred adults (often more) in the evening. I occupy the principal part of the time in the adult school, in giving simple lectures on geography, astronomy, natural history and morals. These lectures the Indians greatly prize.

"Trusting, by God's blessing upon us, we shall go on improving and continue to merit your Excellency's favor and good-will,

"I have the honor to remain, with warmest gratitude,

"Your Excellency's humble and obedient servant, "W. Duncan."

A few weeks later, the Bishop of Columbia visited Metlakahtla to baptize those who were ready to receive the sacred rite, Mr. Duncan being a lay, not a clerical missionary. Two full days were spent in examining the candidates, of which the Bishop wrote:

"We were met by the whole village, who stood on the bank, in a long line—as fine a set of men and as well dressed as could anywhere be seen where men live by their daily toil—certainly no country village in England would turn out so well-clad an assemblage.

"At three the bell was rung and almost instantly the whole population were wending their way to church. There were hymns and prayers in Tsimshean. They repeated the answers to a catechism in Tsimshean. I addressed them and offer-

ed prayers in English, which were interpreted by Mr. Duncan.

"Converts from heathenism can fully realize renunciation of the world, the flesh and the devil. Among these Indians pomp of display, the lying craft of malicious magic, as well as all sins of the flesh, are particularly glaring, and closely connected with heathenism. So are the truths of the Creed in strongest contrast to the dark and miserable fables of their forefathers and heartily can they pledge themselves to keep the holy will of God, all the days of their life, seeing in Him a loving and true Father, of whom now so lately but so gladly, they have learned to know.

"I first drew forth their views of the necessity of repentance, its details and their own personal acquaintance with it. I then questioned them as to the Three Persons of the Trinity, and the special work of each with allusion to the Judgment, and the state of the soul hereafter, inquiring into their private devotion to learn their personal application of repentance and faith. I questioned their anxiety for baptism, and demanded proof of their resolution to keep the will of God for their guide, to speak of God, and to labor for God's way, all their life long. I sought to find out the circumstances under which they first became seriously inclined, and to trace their steps of trial and grace. Admitting them to the promise of baptism, I exhorted them

to prayer and devotion, as a special preparation until the time came.

"A simple table, covered with a white cloth, upon which stood three hand-basins of water, served for the font, and I officiated in a surplice. Thus there was nothing to impress the senses, no color, nor ornament, nor church decoration, nor music, The solemnity of the scene was produced by the earnest sincerity and serious purpose with which these children of the far West were prepared to offer themselves to God, and to renounce forever the hateful sins and cruel deeds of their heathenism; and the solemn stillness was broken only by the breath of prayer. The responses were made with earnestness and decision. Not an individual was there, whose lips did not utter in his own expressive tongue, his hearty readiness to believe and to serve God."

The Christian experiences of the candidates for baptism were most touching and impressive.

Clah, who had saved Mr. Duncan's life and was his first friend, testified as follows:

"I have made up my mind to live a Christian. Must try to put away all my sins. I believe in Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who died for our sins. God is good to us and made us. God gives us His Spirit to make us clean and happy. I pray to God to clean my heart, and wipe out my sin from God's book. It will be worse for us

if we fall away after we have begun." Clah's wife was also baptized with him.

The chieftainess of the Nish-Kahs, named Nishah-Kigh, whose sorrow was great when she first heard the message of salvation and who had been seeking God for five years, said:

"I must leave all evil ways. I feel myself a sinner in God's sight. I believe in God, the Father Almighty, and in Jesus Christ, who died for our sins. God sends down His Spirit to make us good. Jesus is in Heaven, and is writing our names in God's Book. We must stand before God and be judged by Him. I feel God's Word is truth. Have been for some time accustomed regularly to pray."

A young man, Kappigh Kumlee by name, thirty years of age, who had been a sorcerer, but found no satisfaction in the calling, said:

"I have given up the lucrative position of sorcerer. Been offered bribes to practice my art secretly. I have left all my mistaken ways. My eyes have been bored (enlightened.) I cry every night when I remember my sins. The great Father Almighty sees everything. If I go up to the mountain He sees me. Jesus died for our sins upon the cross to carry our sins away."

Kappigh Kumlee's wife was baptized with him, and all their family having renounced heathenism, they were doubly united in the bonds of Christian fellowship.

A chief seventy years of age named Neeash-Lakah-Noosh, when asked if he desired to become a Christian, said:

"For that object I came here with my people. I have put away all lying ways, which I had long followed. I have trusted in God. We want the Spirit of God. Jesus came to save us. He compensated for our sins. Our Father made us and loved us because we are His work. He wishes to see us with Him because He loves us." When asked about the judgment he said: "The blood of Jesus will free those who believe from condemnation."

Vilmauksh, a young man who rescued three of his relatives from the darkness of heathenism, said:

"I believe in Jesus as my Savior, who died to compensate for my sins to God."

One, named Neeash-ah-Pootk, who was converted by losing ten of his relatives by the plague of small-pox, said:

"I have long followed sins which made God angry. I have put away sin, but if I am ever so ignorant in my endeavors I will persevere. Used to be a great drunkard. Have given up magic and display of property. Felt God last summer. We have turned back to our great Father. He see all; His Spirit is with us. The blood of Jesus cleanseth us from all sin. How happy the angels will be to see us good, and how they will cry if we are sinful! At the last God will divide us. Lost ten relatives by

the small-pox last year, and it opened my eyes to my sins. God's hand was strong to cut down sinners."

A beautiful testimony was given by Kahlp, only thirty-five years of age, who had had a sad and checkered career. When a young man he was captured by the Hydah Indians. Later he was brought back and sold to his old chief, who kept him in slavery several years. The chief's son finally sold him to his own friends, who set him free. He said:

"I shall fight against my sins. My heart truly says I will turn from sin to God. God is perfectly right in His ways. Whosoever believes in God, the Father, the Spirit of God lives in his heart. Those who die in their sin go to darkness and to fire. I will fear God as long as I live. I pray for God's Spirit and light to lead my own spirit along the path to Himself when I die. Was a slave; was poor in spirit, and was drawn to cry to God to take my heart."

One of the most touching experiences of all was that given by a boy sixteen years of age, named Kisheeso. It shows how, when the Gospel really fills one's heart, one is willing to forsake all for Christ. This boy left his heathen home, and came by himself in a tiny canoe across the sea to join the Christian people. He said:

"A duty to give up the ways of the Tsimsheans. Was very wicked when quite young. Will try to put away my sin. I pray

night and morning for God to pity and to pardon me."

These are only a few of the touching testimonies given by these Indians who had for centuries been steeped in heathenism, but had at last seen a great light, had come into possession of the pearl of great price, without which life is a dreary waste, but with which it is a foretaste of the Heaven hereafter.

The most notable of all the Indians baptized by the Bishop was one with whom we have already become acquainted; who from being a persecutor was marvelously transformed into a saint. The story of his conversion and valiant career as a Christian reads like a new chapter in the Acts of the Apostles.

TYPICAL INDIAN RESIDENCE AT METLAKAHTLA, THE RESIDENCE OF JOHN TAIT.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF LEGAIC

AN INDIAN BOY
SON OF AN EARLY CONVERT

A FEW months after the settlement had been established at Metlakahtla a thrill of surprise and delight ran throughout the village at the announcement that a notable recruit had arrived at the island, determined to sign the rules and cast in his lot with the Christian party. The newcomer was none other than Legaic, head-chief, murderer and medicine man, who had so nearly succeeded in taking Mr. Duncan's life. The Spirit of God had long been working upon his heart until he had come to loathe heathenism and to long for the peace and joy which he saw were the outcome of the Christian life. To openly join the Christian party at Metlakahtla, however, would be to make a tremendous sacrifice, for it would mean the practical renunciation of the headship of the Tsimshean nation. But the victory over self was won and Legaic had finally arrived at the village ready to subscribe to the fifteen

rules. Accompanying Legaic were his wife and daughter, and Mr. Duncan and the natives gave them a warm and hearty welcome.

Legaic began building a beautiful home, but was often interrupted by messengers from Fort Simpson urging him to return and resume his position over all the Tsimshean tribes. The temptations were so strong and constant that Legaic finally weakened, and gathering the Metlakahtla Indians together on the beach, he told them that he could hold out no longer, but must return to his old life. He said he knew it was a wrong step and he might perish as the result, but that he was being pulled away by influences stronger than he was able to resist. In deep sorrow, amid falling tears, he shook hands with each one present, then turned and entered his canoe and paddled silently away.

As he disappeared from sight, do you think the Indians went back to their homes criticising him and discussing the weakness of human nature, as most white people would have done under similar circumstances? Not at all. They knelt on the beach and held a prayer-meeting, imploring God to check Legaic in his backward course and to restore him to his right mind.

The subject of their prayers paddled rapidly toward Fort Simpson until night came on and he was compelled to put the canoe ashore. He wrapped himself in his blank-

et and lay down to sleep, but sleep came not to his eyes. Instead, he tossed and turned in awful unrest of soul. The Spirit of God was wrestling mightily with him even as with Jacob of old. Finally, the torture became unbearable. Such misery overwhelmed him as words cannot describe, until the Spirit conquered and kneeling in the darkness he repented of his evil, and weepingly besought God for pardon. Next morning he turned his canoe about and once more appeared at Metlakahtla, this time a thoroughly saved man. Saul, the persecutor, had become Paul, the apostle. In afterward describing the agony he endured on that memorable occasion, Legaic declared:

"A hundred deaths would not equal the sufferings of that night."

Six months later a visitor to Metlakahtla wrote as follows of Legaic and his family:

"I paid a visit to the wife of the chief, Paul Legaic. He it was who nearly took Mr. Duncan's life at the head of the medicine band attacking the school. They were both baptized by the Bishop last April. Legaic was the wealthiest chief of the Tsimsheans at Fort Simpson. He has lost everything—has had to give up everything by his conversion to Christianity. It was with many of them literally a 'forsaking of all things to follow Christ.'

"His house is the nicest and best situated in the village. A very little labor and expense in the way of interior fittings would

make it quite comfortable. He and his wife have one child only, a young girl of fourteen. She is a modest looking, pleasing child—very intelligent—one of the first class in the school. She does not look like one who has ever been 'possessed with a devil'; and yet this is the child whom, three years ago, her teacher saw naked in the midst of a howling band, tearing and devouring the bleeding dog. How changed! She who 'had the unclean spirit' now sits at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in her right mind."

Not many months later Mr. Duncan paid a visit to Fort Simpson to preach the Gospel to the heathen Indians, who still remained there. He was accompanied by two natives, Clah and Paul Legaic. On their return, in a letter to the Missionary Society, Mr. Duncan related a remarkable incident which occurred during the trip. He said: "I have just returned from a visit to Fort Simpson. I went to proclaim the Gospel once more to the poor, unfeeling heathen there. I laid the Gospel again distinctly before them, and they seemed much affected. The most pleasing circumstance of all, and which I was not prepared to expect, was, that Paul Legaic and Clah (the one in times past a formidable enemy and opposer, and the other one among the first to hear and greet the Gospel), sat by me, one on either side. After I had finished my address on each occasion, they got up and spoke, and spoke well.

A GROUP OF INDIAN GIRLS IN THE BOARDING SCHOOL AT METLAKAHTLA WITH THEIR TEACHERS.

"Legaic completely shamed and confounded an old man who, in replying to my address, had said that I had come too late to do him and other old people good; that, had I come when the first white traders came, the Tsimsheans had long since been good; but they had been allowed to grow up in sin; they had seen nothing in the first whites who came amongst them to unsettle them in their old habits, but those had rather added to them fresh sin, and now their sins were deep laid, they (he and the other old people), could not change. Legaic interrupted him and said: 'I am a chief, a Tsimshean chief. You know I have been bad, very bad, as bad as anyone here. I have grown up and grown old in sin, but God has changed my heart and He can change yours. Think not to excuse yourself in your sins by saying you are too old and too bad to mend. Nothing is impossible with God. Come to God; try His way; He can save you.'

"He then exhorted all to taste God's way, to give their hearts to Him, and to leave all their sins; and then endeavored to show them what they had to expect if they did so—not temporal good, not health, long life, nor ease, nor wealth, but God's favor here and happiness with God after death."

Legaic had been known far and wide along the coast, and the traders who heard of his conversion and transformation could scarcely believe it. As time went on he be-

came of immense service to Mr. Duncan in the prosecution of the work, and came to be called "Mr. Duncan's Grand Vizier."

For seven years Legaic played a prominent part in the life of the settlement, eager to assist in every undertaking for the betterment of his fellows, and humbly earning his living as a carpenter. In 1869 he made a journey up the Nass River, and on reaching Fort Simpson on his way home, was taken suddenly ill. He at once dispatched a messenger to Mr. Duncan, bearing this note:

"Dear Sir:—I want to see you. I always remember you in my mind. I shall be very sorry if I shall not see you before I go away, because you showed me the ladder that reaches to Heaven, and I am on that ladder now. I have nothing to trouble me. I only want to see you."

Mr. Duncan wished greatly to go at once to the bedside of Legaic, but his duties at Metlakahtla would not permit him to leave, for a peculiar epidemic was raging just then and there were a score of sick people on the island whom he was attending day and night.

A second and third messenger followed in quick succession, but still Mr. Duncan could not leave. Then came the sad tidings of the death of the famous chieftain, accompanied by the following lines, which were still unfinished when the death angel bore his soul to the long home above:

"My Dear Sir:—This is my last letter, to say I am very happy. I am going to rest from trouble, trial and temptation. I do not feel afraid to meet my God. In my painful body I always remember the words of our Lord Jesus Christ"—

Here the letter ended abruptly, and in this triumphant manner ended the life of the Apostle Paul of the Tsimshean Indians. He was a modern miracle of grace, a striking example of the power of Christ's blood to wash away the darkest sins and to transform men from darkest sinners into saints.

* * *

During the years from 1863 to 1869 the spiritual progress of the settlement had gone on apace. In 1868 the Bishop of Columbia paid a second visit to Metlakahtla and baptized sixty-five adults, of whom he wrote: "I truly believe that most of these are sincere and intelligent believers in Christ, as worthy converts from heathenism as have ever been known in the history of the church."

In the autumn of the following year Mr. Cridge, then Dean of Victoria, baptized 98 adults and 18 Indian children.

The desire of Mr. Duncan that the island should be a beacon of Gospel light to the Indians of all the Northland was being happily fulfilled. Wherever the Metlakahtla Indians went on their fishing, trading and hunting expeditions, they carried with them

the Gospel message and proclaimed it at every opportunity.

On one occasion a party of Metlakahtla people visited the Chilkat Indians, who lived on the Alaskan coast, 500 to 600 miles

A PART OF OLD METLAKAHTLA.

to the north. So impressed were these northern Indians with the wonderful tales they heard of the power of the Gospel and of the material progress at Metlakahtla, that they decided to pay a visit to the island

to see the man who had accomplished such marvels. A delegation came down the coast in their handsome canoes, and as they neared the shore they put on their finest apparel and barbaric ornaments to suitably impress the people with their importance. On landing, they approached in solemn state, and Mr. Duncan was advised to dress in his best clothes, as the savages might despise him if he appeared in rough garments. He, however, was engaged in some important work which he could not drop just then.

The Chilkats marched through the village well-nigh struck dumb with astonishment at what they beheld; the beautiful buildings, the strange industries, the civilized clothing of the Metlakahtlans.

Finally, Mr. Duncan left his work, just as he was, and hastened to greet the visitors. As he drew near and was pointed out to the Chilkats, they looked over and beyond him and declared they could not see him. When he cordially welcomed them they said scarcely a word beyond the formal syllables of recognition, so disappointed were they.

Mr. Duncan escorted them to his house, and there their pent-up astonishment gave way, and they exclaimed:

"Surely, you cannot be the man! Why, we expected to see a great and powerful giant, gifted in magic, with enormous eyes that could look right through us and read our thoughts! No, it is impossible! How

could you tame the wild and ferocious Tsimsheans, who were always urging war, and were feared throughout the whole coast? It was only a few years ago that all this country was a streak of blood. Now we see nothing but white eagle's down (their emblem of peace and amity.) We can hardly believe our own eyes when we see these fine houses and find the Tsimsheans have become wise like white men! They tell us that you have God's Book and that you have taught them to read it; we wish to see it."

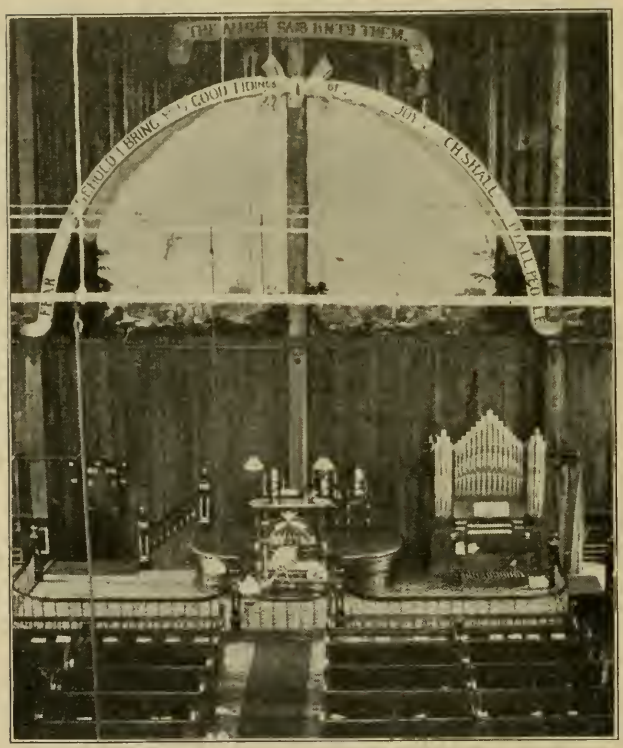
Mr. Duncan then brought out a Bible and placed it before them. That sacred book, he declared, contained the Word of God, the Message of the Great King, the Way of Life Everlasting. It was only because the Metlakahtla Indians had obeyed the words of that Book that they had built such a beautiful city.

Each of the Chilkat delegation then went forward and reverently touched the Bible, exclaiming, "Ahm, Ahm"—"It is good, it is good."

For several days the delegation remained at Metlakahtla inspecting the truly wonderful results, which had been achieved by the Metlakahtlans during the few short years of their residence.

As the years passed, Metlakahtla became not only a Gospel beacon, but a great light, radiating law and order throughout all the surrounding country. Mr. Duncan was ap-

pointed a magistrate by the Canadian Government, with jurisdiction up and down the coast for hundreds of miles. In the enforcement of his duties, chief among which was the suppression of illegal liquor selling, many thrilling and perilous experiences were encountered, some of which will next be related.



INTERIOR OF NEW CHURCH AT NEW METLAKAHTLA.
ALL THE FURNISHINGS MADE BY THE INDIANS THEMSELVES, EXCEPT THE PIPE ORGAN AND THE LAMPS.

CHAPTER VII.

FIGHTING AGAINST FIRE-WATER.

A TYPICAL INDIAN GIRL.

ONE of the first steps taken by Mr. Duncan on his arrival at Metlakahtla had been the appointment of a body of Indian constables to maintain order. Although he anticipated no trouble, yet he deemed it wise to take time by the forelock, remembering that many who had signed the fifteen rules had had very little training, and had not yet fully surrendered themselves to Christ.

By the year 1866 there were twenty of these constables, "as fine a set of young men as you would wish to see—the very pick of the Christians." The Indians greatly enjoyed their distinction as guardians of the law, and to be admitted into the force was esteemed the highest honor that could be conferred upon a stalwart young man.

In his duties as magistrate and justice of the peace along the Alaskan and Canadian coasts, Mr. Duncan found these constables indispensable.

At this period, as today, it was against the law to sell liquor, or fire-water, to any Indian. However, wicked white men and Indians constantly attempted to sell it in secret, though they well knew that liquor set the red men on fire with evil and led them to commit the most horrible crimes. The influence of intoxicating drinks on white men is sufficiently terrible, but on the Indians it is often two-fold worse.

One of the saddest incidents in connection with his duties as magistrate was the following, which Mr. Duncan reported to the Canadian government in 1865:

"The Indian camps about us are deluged with fire-water, and, of course, every kind of madness is rife.

"It is just because our village makes a stand against the universal tide of disorder that we are being threatened on every side.

"In July last I apprised his Excellency, the Governor, that we had in the spring seized a quantity of liquor, which a party of Kitahmaht Indians brought here for sale.

"In revenge for the loss of their liquor (I am sorry to inform you) these Indians, in the summer, stole a little boy belonging to this place, while he was away with his parents at a fishery on the Skeona River. And, horrible to write, the poor little fel-

low was literally worried to death, being torn to pieces by the mouths of a set of cannibals at a great feast they had made.

"This atrocious deed would have met with summary vengeance from the relatives of the boy had it happened a few years ago. In this case, however, though highly exasperated, they would not allow themselves to do anything until they had seen me. In order to prevent blood being shed at random, I ordered them to wait till the arrival of a ship of war, when I promised to refer the matter to the captain, and hoped they would have justice done them in a civilized way.

"Last week, however, an Indian, (uncle to the unfortunate boy, but not a Metlakahtla man), arrived here from Victoria, where he had been living for the last two years and a half. On his learning of the Kitahmaht atrocity, it seems he secretly resolved to take the law in his own hands, and for that purpose proceeded two or three days ago to Fort Simpson, where a party of Kitahmaht Indians had recently arrived.

"This morning at two o'clock, I was awakened and informed that a Kitahmaht Indian had fallen a victim to this man's revenge, and that great excitement was occasioned at Fort Simpson. Nor is it known who will be the next to fall, to feed the stream of blood which has commenced to

flow, but every Indian around me is in fear for his life."

Mr. Duncan and his heroic band of constables performed valiant service in ridding the coast of the illegal and infernal liquor traffic, and in nearly every case without loss of life. On one occasion, however, one Indian was killed in the attempt to capture a sloop, manned by white men, which was smuggling in liquor to be sold to the Indian camps. Mr. Duncan, hearing of the presence of this vessel in the neighborhood, sent several Indians with a warrant for the arrest of the captain. The result of the encounter and the series of events following were thus related by Mr. Duncan:

"The sad result was that the five Indians serving the warrant were fired upon by the three white men on board the sloop, one being killed on the spot, three being severely wounded. The sloop got away and it was not till the following day that the Indian unhurt returned to the settlement, bringing his three wounded companions in a canoe. Unfortunately, at the time, I had very few people left in the village, so that we were unable to follow the murderers while within a reasonable distance of us. After I had done all and the best I could for the wounded men, I determined to run down to Victoria, it being unsafe from the unsettled state of the coast to send the Indians alone.

"On the 25th of August I started for Vic-

AN INDIAN WEDDING PARTY.

toria in a small boat, and on the 5th of September, by seven a. m. I was in Nanaimi, the nearest white settlement, having been brought by a gracious God safely through many perils on the sea and perils by the heathen.

"I need scarcely say that, as soon as possible I communicated the shocking tidings to the Governor of each colony, to Admiral Denman, and to all our friends. All deeply sympathized with us; and Governor Seymour, of British Columbia, lost not a moment of time till all the needful despatches were written, and forwarded to the two neighboring governments, Russian and American, and to the Admiral of the station, calling upon all to do their utmost to seize the murderers and hand them over to justice. The Governor also engaged a doctor to visit the wounded men, and Admiral Denman sent up H. M. S. 'Grappler' with the doctor and myself on board to the settlement.

"I cannot express to you the anxiety I felt while away and how restless I was to return to the sick men. But God was better to me than my fears. We arrived on the 4th instant at Metlakahtla and to my great relief I found the wounded men doing well, and all the settlement going on prosperously. I called a meeting of the village on the evening of our arrival, to return thanks to Almighty God, that He had remembered us in our affliction. In my addresses both be-

fore going to Victoria and since my return I have been greatly helped in opening to the Indians the passages and truths from the Scripture which this late dispensation of Providence illustrated; and I have been shown by unmistakable signs that this severe chastisement with which it has pleased God to visit us, will be productive of great good to us.

"It would take too long to detail to you the series of Indian laws of revenge and compensation which this sad occurrence and its sequences have revived, met, defeated and dispersed forever; and how the Christian laws on these matters have been put forward in strong contrast, approved, magnified, and made to triumph; and how for the first time a calamity which would have called forth only savage fire and relentless fury in the Indian as heathen, has only called forth patient endurance and lawful retaliation in the Indian as Christian."

Among the scores of persons brought to justice by Mr. Duncan and his constable a notable case was that of Peter Gargotitch who, on account of a grudge against Mr. Duncan, had boasted in Victoria that he would make the Metlakahtla Indians drunk.

Some weeks later the Indians reported that there was a white man at Inverness, ten miles distant from Metlakahtla, selling liquor contrary to law. Mr. Duncan told his constables to find out definitely the facts in the case and report to him. Accordingly

two Indians went to Inverness to gather evidence. While one went into the man's tent and bought some liquor in a bottle, the other looked through a hole in the tent in order to testify as a witness. As soon as they reported to Mr. Duncan he sent a white man then staying on the island at the head of several constables to arrest the offender. When the party reached Inverness with the warrant the liquor seller drew a revolver, and brandishing it in their faces, declared he would shoot the man who attempted to serve the warrant upon him. The white man, at the head of the constables, did not wish to risk his life, so he returned to Mr. Duncan with the warrant unserved. Mr. Duncan declared that on no account must the offender be allowed to escape. He asked the man if he would make another attempt at capture, if it were made certain that his life would not be in danger. He consented and Mr. Duncan completed his plans without delay.

Very early the next morning, a number of large canoes left Metlakahtla, filled with forty Indians, all fully armed, with the white man at their head. When they reached Inverness they found that the liquor dealer had loaded all his kegs into a canoe and set off up the river, accompanied by two companions. The Indians at once started in pursuit. After going a few miles they saw the fugitives in their canoe paddling for dear life. When it was seen that the In-

dians would soon overtake them the canoe was headed for the shore and beached, with the liquor still in it, while the three men took to the woods. They knew that escape was impossible, for the forest was well-nigh impenetrable, and behind them were forty fleet-footed Indians. Hence, they ran only a few rods and hid in the bush. As the pursuing canoes came opposite the place where the leader was hid the officer with the warrant shouted out that he wished to see him. The leader stepped boldly out, prepared as before to defy his captors. The officer then shouted that he placed him under arrest and ordered him to hold up his hands at once or he would be a dead man. At the same instant the rifles of the forty Indians standing in the canoes were leveled at the dealer with orders to fire if he offered the least resistance. The man saw he was caught and at once held his hands high above his head.

The warrant was served and the three men, with the canoe and liquor, were brought to Metlakahtla. As the leader was brought before Mr. Duncan, who should it prove to be but Peter Gorgotitch, who had threatened to make the Metlakahtla Indians drunk? He was fined $500, which he succeeded in borrowing and paying, and he left the Island a sadder but wiser man. The circumstances of the arrest did not allow Mr. Duncan to confiscate Gorgotitch's twenty-three kegs of liquor, each contain-

ing ten gallons. A few weeks later, however, about half of it was stolen, and Gorgotitch returned to Victoria burdened by debt and in a pitiable condition. For several years he went here and there, until news reached Mr. Duncan that he had been killed in British Columbia. The activity of Mr. Duncan and his constables in enforcing the law became more and more feared by the smugglers and liquor sellers until by 1876 the illegal traffic had almost entirely ceased.

During the eight years following the arrival of the pilgrims at Metlakahtla in 1862 great material progress had been made. Between one hundred and two hundred houses had been built, almost every one having a neat garden attached. A large general store had been established, which was patronized not only by the Metlakahtla Indians, but by men from surrounding camps who were thus brought into contact with Christian influences. A court house and commodious school house had been erected and several industries started, including a soap-house, blacksmith shop, and by no means least, a saw-mill run by water power. When one old Indian heard that Mr. Duncan intended to make water saw wood, he exclaimed:

"If it is true that Mr. Duncan can make water saw wood, then I will see it and die."

In 1870 Mr. Duncan paid a visit to England, where he procured machinery for new industries and spent several weeks learning

the arts of weaving, rope-making, twine-spinning and brush-making. In addition, he acquired the gamut of each instrument in a band of twenty-one pieces, which was presented to him for the settlement. On his return journey he spent nearly three months in Victoria, reaching Metlakahtla once more in February, 1871, after a year's absence. Describing the first evening after his arrival, Mr. Duncan wrote:

"At night, after visiting among the sick, I sat down with about fifty for a general talk. I gave them the special messages from Christian friends which I had down in my note-book, told them how much we were prayed for by many Christians in England, and scanned over the principal events of my voyage and doings in England. We sat till midnight, but even then the village was lighted up, and the people all waiting to hear from the favored fifty, what I had communicated. Many did not go to bed at all, but sat up all night talking over what they had heard."

As may be seen from this royal welcome accorded to Mr. Duncan, and from events shortly to be narrated, the Tsimshean Indians were far from being a stolid, unemotional race. At times they fairly overflowed with emotion and excitement, and no people enjoyed holidays and festal occasions more than they. At this period there occurred two notable celebrations which were red letter days in the history of the settlement.

CHAPTER VIII.

GALA DAYS ON THE ISLAND.

THE island of Metlakahtla being in Canadian territory one of the days most elaborately celebrated by the Indians was Queen Victoria's birthday. On one occasion the date occurred when a British warship, "The Sparrow-Hawk," was anchored in the bay off the village. The Bishop of Columbia had come on the ship to Metlakahtla to receive fresh converts into the church, and he and the officers of the vessel joined heartily in the effort to make the day one long to be remembered.

The day dawned bright and beautiful and at an early hour a party of sailors rowed ashore to decorate the mission house and bastion with flags of all nations.

The proceedings of the early part of the day were spiritual, seventeen children being baptized in the house of God. Later, a distribution of small gifts took place among 140 nicely dressed Indian children.

On the stroke of twelve o'clock a royal salute of twenty-one guns thundered from the ship, and the special exercises of the occasion began. There were sports and games of all sorts which were engaged in most heartily and joyously by young and old. There were foot races, sack races,

etc., with such games as blind man's buff, and a review of the village constables. The most exciting feature of the afternoon was the canoe race. The course was two miles long around the island. Five large canoes entered for the contest, eight or nine stalwart young Indians being seated in each. Beneath the deep, swift strokes of the paddles the canoes shot forward like birds, and the race was as beautiful as it was exciting.

In the evening a public meeting was held when a number of the officers of the "Sparrow-Hawk" addressed the Indians, and several of the Metlakahtla leaders made brief but eloquent replies. A few of the short speeches made by the Indians were reported as follows:

Abraham Kemskah:—"Chiefs, I will say a little. How were we to hear when we were young, what we now hear? And, being old and long fixed in sin, how are we to obey? We are like the canoe going against the tide which is too strong for it; we struggle, but in spite of our efforts we are carried out to sea. Again, we are like a youth watching a skilled artisan at work; he strives to imitate his work but fails; so we: we try to follow God's way, but how far we fall short. Still we are encouraged to persevere. We feel we are nearing the shore; we are coming nearer the hand of God, near peace. We must look neither to the right nor left, but look straight on and persevere."

Richard Wilson:—"Chiefs, as we have now heard, so do ye. Indeed, father" (addressing Mr. Duncan) "we are sinners before you; we often make your voice bad in calling us; we must persevere, we must try, though we are bad; we are like the wedge used in splitting the trees; we are making the way for our children; they will be better than we are. The sun does not come out in full strength in early morn; the gray light at first spreads itself over the earth; as it rises the light increases and by and by, is the mid-day sun. We shall die before we have reached much, but we shall die expecting our children to pass on beyond us, and reach the wished-for-goal."

Daniel Baxter (Neeash-ah-pootk) :— "Chiefs, I am foolish, I am bad, bad in your sight. What can our hearts say? What shall we do? We can only pray and persevere. We will not listen to voices on this side or that, but follow on till we reach our Father in Heaven."

Jacob (Cheevost):—"Chiefs, we have heard you. Why should we try to mistake the way you teach us? Rather we must try to follow on; though our feet often slip, we must still try; we have rocks all around us; our sins are like the rocks, but the rudder of our canoe is being held. She will not drift away. We are all assisting to hold the rudder and keep her in her course. What would she be without the rudder? Soon, a wreck upon the rocks; so

we must cry to God for help to follow on."

* * *

As the Indians had grown enlightened under Mr. Duncan's teaching, and had come to understand the full meaning of Christmas day, they entered as heartily as their white brothers into making it a season of joy and gladness, and thus fittingly celebrating the birthday of Him who redeemed the world from darkness and death. The Christmas season of 1873 was especially notable because large numbers of Fort Simpson Indians were invited to Metlakahtla to spend the period with their Christian brethren. Of the series of events which filled up the days with happy memories Mr. Duncan sent the following graphic report to the Missionary Society:

"This is the first season that the heathen customs at Fort Simpson have been generally disregarded, and hence we thought it well to encourage Christian customs in their place. To this end we decided to invite all the congregation at Fort Simpson to spend the festival of Christmas with us at Metlakahtla, that they might receive the benefit of a series of special services, and be preserved from falling into those excesses which we had reason to fear would follow should they spend the Christmas by themselves. About two hundred and fifty availed themselves of our invitation and they arrived at Metlakahtla the day before Christmas in twenty-one canoes, which, indeed,

presented a picture as they approached us with flags flying.

"According to previous arrangement they all clustered to the market house, which we at present use for our church and which has been very appropriately decorated. On our guests being seated I gave them a short address, and after prayer, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Collison, shook hands with them all. They then were quartered around the village and a very exciting scene ensued, all the villagers literally scrambling for the guests. After the scramble several came running to me to complain that they had not succeeded in securing a single guest, while others had got more than their share. To settle matters amicably, I had to send two constables round the village to readjust the distribution of our new friends.

"Our Christmas eve was spent in practicing with a band of twenty young men, a new Christmas hymn in Tsimshean, which I managed to prepare for the occasion. About 1:30 on Christmas morning we reassembled, when Mr. Collison and myself accompanied the twenty waits to sing round the village, carrying the harmonium and concertina with us. We sang in seven different places and three hymns in each place. The village was illuminated and the singing was hearty and solemn. This was the first attempt of the Indians at part-singing in their own tongue.

THE METLAKAHTLA BRASS BAND AND ZOBO GIRLS' BAND.

"Christmas day was a great day, houses decorated with evergreens, flags flying, constables and council passing from house to house in their uniforms, and greeting the inmates. Now a string of young men, then another of young women, might be seen going into this house, then into that; friends meeting on the road, shaking hands everywhere; everybody greeting everybody; hours occupied with handshaking and interchanging good wishes; nobody thinking of anything else but scattering smiles and greetings, till the church bell rings, and all wend their way to meet and worship God.

"The crowd seemed so great that fears were entertained that our meeting house could not accommodate them. I at once decided that the children should assemble in the school-house and have a separate service. Samuel Marsden kindly volunteered to conduct it. Even with this arrangement our meeting house was crowded to excess. There could not have been less than seven hundred present. What a sight! Had anyone accompanied me to the Christmas-day services I held twelve or fourteen years ago at Fort Simpson, and again on this occasion, methinks if an infidel he would have been confused and puzzled by the change; but if a Christian his heart must have leaped for joy. The Tsimsheans might well sing on this day, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men.'

"The following day the young men engaged in the healthy game of foot-ball, and all the people turned out to witness the sport. Mr. and Mrs. Collison and myself were present to encourage them. After foot-ball a marriage took place. A young woman formerly trained in the mission-house, was married to a chief. A marriage feast was given, to which between four and five hundred people were invited.

"On Friday, the second day of January, our guests departed home. When ready to start the church bell rang, and they paddled their canoes to the meeting-house, which is built upon the beach. Leaving their canoes, they reassembled for a short address and a concluding prayer. This out, again entering their canoes, they pushed a little from the beach, a cannon was fired, and amid the ringing cheers of hundreds of voices they dashed off, paddling with all their might."

The most memorable events of the next few years were the completion of the remarkable church, and the visits of two distinguished personages, with one of whom our narrative has already been concerned, and whose presence again in their midst filled the Metlakahtlans with the keenest joy.

CHAPTER IX.

TWO NOTABLE VISITORS.

WITH each passing year the settlement at Metlakahtla grew stronger, the village more prosperous and beautiful. On the sixth of August, 1872, there was laid the corner-stone of a massive new church which was to be the crowning glory of the Christian colony. Although part of the cost of the church was given by outsiders; yet the Indians sacrificed largely and often that the work might progress unhindered. A little over two years from the laying of the corner-stone, on Christmas day, 1874, the beautiful edifice—entirely the work of Indian hands—was dedicated to the service of God. It was a time of great rejoicing and gladness. Describing it, Mr. Duncan said:

"Over seven hundred Indians were present at our opening services. Could it be that this concourse of well-dressed people in their new and beautiful church, but a few years ago made up the fiendish assemblies at Fort Simpson! Could it be that these voices, now engaged in solemn prayer and thrilling songs of praise to Almighty God, are the very voices I once heard yelling and whooping at heathen orgies on dismal winter nights!"

At this period the Governor-General of Canada was the Earl of Dufferin. He was one of the great statesmen of the age, and one of the leaders of the English aristocracy. In the year 1876 he made an extended trip through the western part of Canada, in the course of which he planned to visit Metlakahtla, of which he had heard most glowing accounts. The Indians on their part were greatly delighted at the prospect of receiving a visit from so famous a man. As one method of showing their appreciation of his coming, they prepared the following address of welcome, which was presented to him on his arrival:

"May it please your Excellency: We, the inhabitants of Metlakahtla, of the Tsimshean nation of Indians, desire to express our joy in welcoming your Excellency and Lady Dufferin to our village. Under the teaching of the Gospel we have learned the Divine command, 'Fear God, honor the King,' and thus as loyal subjects of her Majesty, Queen Victoria, we rejoice in seeing you visit our shores.

"We have learned to respect and obey the laws of the Queen, and we will continue to uphold and defend the same in our community and nation.

"We are still a weak and poor people, only lately emancipated from the thraldom of heathenism and savage customs; but we are struggling to rise and advance to a Christian life and civilization.

"Trusting that we may enjoy a share of your Excellency's kind and fostering care, and under your administration continue to advance in peace and prosperity.

"We have the honor to subscribe ourselves, your Excellency's humble and obedient servant,

"For the Indians of Metlakahtla,

"David Leask,

"Secretary to the Native Council."

The Governor-General was accompanied by his accomplished wife, Lady Dufferin, and to say that they were pleased with what they saw is putting it mildly. Lord Dufferin declared he would treasure their address of welcome above all others he received during his journey. In an address to the Indians assembled in the open air on a beautiful summer day the Governor-General said in part:

"I have come a long distance in order to assure you, in the name of your Great Mother, the Queen of England, with what pleasure she has learned of your well-being, of the progress you have made in the arts of peace and the knowledge of the Christian religion, under the auspices of your friend, Mr. Duncan. I have viewed with astonishment the church which you have built entirely by your own industry and intelligence. That church is in itself a monument of the way in which you have profited by the teachings you have received. It does you the greatest credit, and we have

every right to hope that, while in its outward aspect it bears testimony to your conformity to the laws of the Gospel, beneath its sacred roof your sincere and faithful prayers will be rewarded by those blessings which are promised to all those who approach the throne of God in humility and faith * * *

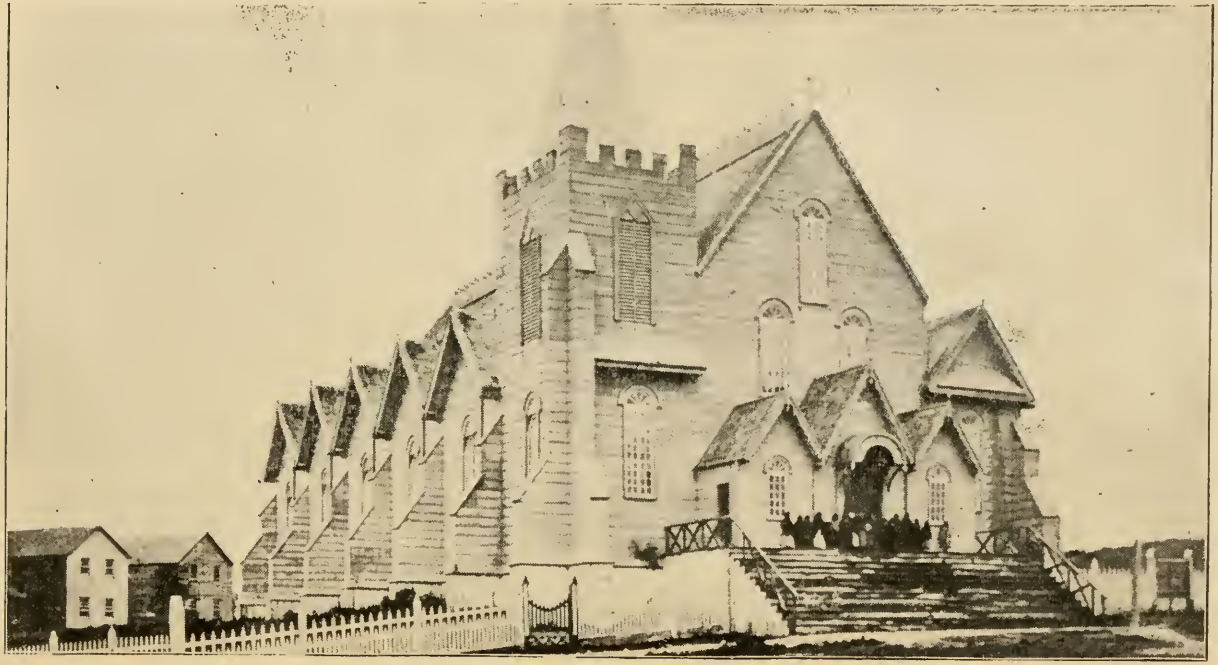
"Before I conclude I cannot help expressing to Mr. Duncan and those associated with him in his good work, not only in my name, not only in the name of the Government of Canada, but also in the name of Her Majesty, the Queen, and in the name of the people of England, who take so deep an interest in the well-being of all the native races throughout the Queen's dominions, our deep gratitude to him for thus having devoted the flower of his life, in spite of innumerable difficulties, dangers and discouragements to a work which has resulted in the beautiful scene we have witnessed this morning. I only wish to add that I am very much obliged to you for the satisfactory and loyal address with which you have greeted me. The very fact of you being in a position to express yourselves with so much propriety is in itself extremely creditable to you, and although it has been my good fortune to receive many addresses during my stay in Canada from various communities of your fellow-subjects, not one of them will be surrounded by so many hopeful and pleasant rem-

iniscences as those which I shall carry away with me from this spot."

But there was one person whose coming to the island threw it into a far greater commotion of pleasurable excitement than even the visit of the Governor-General. That person was none other than Admiral Prevost, who, twenty-five years before, as Captain Prevost, had been the means of starting the entire work. His visit has been well called "the most joyous and memorable event in the history of the settlement." It was the red letter day of Metlakahtla.

Throughout a quarter of a century amid all the dangers and perils of naval life God had preserved the gallant captain, and had honored him enabling him to reach the exalted station of Admiral. During all the years, however, he had not lost sight of the glorious work he inaugurated, and now at last he was permitted to see with his own eyes the marvelous results of his early efforts. The Admiral spent a full month among the Metlakahtlans, declaring that words could not describe the joy he experienced at witnessing their transformation. He sent a graphic account of his visit to the Church Missionary Society, part of which was as follows:

"Three a. m., Tuesday, 18th June, 1878. Arrived at Fort Simpson in the United States Mail Steamer California, from Sitka. Was met by William Duncan with six-



THE CHURCH AT METLAKAHTLA ERECTED BY THE INDIANS.

teen Indians, nearly all elders. Our greeting was most hearty, and the meeting with Duncan was a cause of real thankfulness to God, in sight, too, of the very spot (nay on it) where God had put into my heart the first desire of sending the Gospel to the poor heathen around me. Twenty-five years previously H. M. S. Virago had been repaired on that very beach. What a change had been effected during those passing years! Of the crew before me nine of the sixteen were, to my knowledge, formerly medicine men or cannibals. In humble faith, we could only exclaim, 'What hath God wrought!' It is all His doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes.

"It did not take long to transfer ourselves and our baggage to the canoe and at 4:30 a. m. we started against wind and tide, rain, too, at intervals; but having much to talk about of past events and future plans the twenty miles of distance soon disappeared and about noon we crossed the bar and entered the 'inlet of Kahtla.' On the north side of the inlet stands on an eminence 'the church of God;' on either side of it spreads out the village of Metlakahtla, skirting two bays whose beaches are at once a landing-place for its inhabitants and a shelter for the canoes. As we approached the landing-place two guns were fired and flags displayed from house to house—conspicuous by a string of them reaching the Mission House verandah, in-

scribed, 'A Real Welcome to Metlakahtla.' Near to this were assembled all the village —men, women and children—gaily dressed.

"After twenty-five years' absence God had brought me back again amidst all the sundry and manifold changes of the world, face to face with those tribes amongst whom I had before witnessed only bloodshed, cannibalism and heathen deviltry in its grossest form. Now they were sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in their right mind. The very church-warden, dear old Peter Simpson, who opened the church-door for me, was once the chief of one of the cannibal tribes * * *

"Before my departure from Metlakahtla I assembled the few who were left at the village, to tell them I was anxious to leave behind some token both of my visit to them after so long an absence, and also that I still bore them on my heart. What should it be? After hours of consultation, they decided they would leave the choice to me, and when I told them (what I had beforehand determined upon) that my present would be a set of street lamps to light up their village by night, their joy was unbounded. Their first thought had a spiritual meaning. By day, God's house was a memorable object, visible both by vessels passing and repassing, and by all canoes as strange Indians traveled about; but by night all had been darkness, now this was no longer so—as the bright light of the

glorious Gospel had through God's mercy and love shined into their dark hearts, so would all be reminded by night as well as by day, of the marvelous light shining into the hearts of many at Metlakahtla."

But the narrative of the Admiral's visit would by no means be complete without relating the sequel to the beautiful action which had occurred on the Queen Charlotte Islands a quarter of a century previously. One day a well built canoe containing two stalwart Indians was seen approaching Metlakahtla. When the occupants landed they proved to be Edensaw, the head chief of the Hydahs, and his son. They had heard of Admiral Prevost's visit and had made the long journey through the open sea to see his face once more. Their meeting with the Admiral presented a beautiful scene, which reached its climax when Edensaw put his hand into his bosom and drew forth a little book which he handed to the Admiral. The heart of the venerable commander overflowed with wonder and praise to God when he saw written on the fly-leaf these lines: "From Captain Prevost, H. M. S. 'Satellite,' trusting that the bread thus cast upon the waters may be found after many days."

Truly it had been found after 'many days' indeed! The son of Edensaw was an earnest Christian—the first person among the Hydahs to come out boldly on the Lord's side. Edensaw himself was con-

vinced that Christianity was the right way, but he was a proud man and had not yet been willing to sacrifice his power and wealth as chieftain in order to follow Christ. But who can estimate the part played by that small testament in preparing the heart of the son to receive the Gospel? Doubtless scores of times as a boy he had heard his father relate the story of how he received "The Letter of God" from the great white Chief, and he had without doubt longed earnestly to know the meaning of the message contained in the strange English book. Hence when the missionary came to the Queen Charlotte Islands it was natural that the son of Edensaw should be the first convert.

And now once more in this world, father and son stood 'face to face' with their spiritual benefactor, after a full quarter of a century had passed, whitening the hair of the Admiral and bringing wrinkles into the face of the old chief. It was a memorable meeting worthy of the brush of a great painter. It was a strange and wonderful illustration of the glorious fruitage that results in the far distant future from the good little deeds of today.

* * *

But ere long the idyllic life of the colony was to be shattered to pieces, only to spring up again more beautiful than ever on an isle of paradise under the glorious banner of the stars and stripes.

CHAPTER X.

IN QUEST OF A NEW HOME.

EARLY in the eighties when the Christian colony was in the full bloom of its vigor and prosperity a cloud appeared on the horizon, which grew larger with each passing year until the Metlakahtlans finally left their dearly loved island, and, in company with Mr. Duncan, set out in search of a new home. The trouble began soon after the death of the great Henry Venn, secretary of the Church Missionary Society, who had most heartily approved of Mr. Duncan's methods and plans for the conversion and education of the Indians. Following his decease, however, a Missionary Bishop was appointed to oversee the work at Metlakahtla and other missions in British Columbia. He decided that the Indians should conform more closely to the customs of the Church of England; that the Lord's Supper should be instituted with the use of real wine in the service; and that much of the ritual and ceremony of the English church should be introduced among the red men. Mr. Duncan strongly objected to these changes. He knew the inordinate passion of the Indian for intoxicants and felt it would be wrong to use fermented wine in the communion service;

while in addition the law of Canada prohibited any Indian from touching wine under penalty of imprisonment.

In regard to the elaborate ritual of the Church of England, Mr. Duncan believed it entirely unsuited to the worship of the Indians, and felt that if introduced it would seriously weaken and undermine their spiritual life.

The Bishop, however, still insisted on the changes being made. But Mr. Duncan was accustomed to adhering to principle at whatever cost, and rather than submit to what he believed was wrong, he left the Church Missionary Society and started an Independent Native Church. All but a few of the Indians at Metlakahtla followed him and joined the new church. The Missionary Society, on the advice of its Bishop, but against that of several of its missionaries in the vicinity, still continued to carry on a mission among the few who remained, and claimed the ownership of the two most central acres of land in the village on which the mission buildings stood. The Canadian Government supported the Society in this claim, to the Indians' astonishment and dismay, for the land had been theirs for ages past.

Mr. Duncan and his followers carefully considered the situation and rather than have discord and disunion in their Arcadia determined to set out for the second time in quest of a new home.

A short time later a band of Metlakahtlans set out in their canoes in search of another island upon which they could erect a new and more beautiful Christian city. They went northward into Alaska, exploring the land carefully as they went. At last, about one hundred miles north of Metlakahtla, they found an island which even surpassed the old one in beauty and natural advantages. When the Indians saw it they unanimously exclaimed that they would look no farther, for it was certainly an isle of paradise they had found, with its marvelously beautiful harbor, its virgin forests, its purple mountains, and its silvery waterfall. As the scouts approached Metlakahtla on their return, they signalized the success of their mission by singing the "Canoe-song," the most beautiful of all the native melodies.

Mr. Duncan now started for Washington to secure permission from the United States Government to settle on the land. The case of the Metlakahtlans was carefully considered by President Cleveland, the secretaries of the Interior and Treasury, the Attorney-General and others. Many distinguished people earnestly seconded the cause of the Indians, among them being the Governor of Alaska, Henry Ward Beecher and Dr. Sheldon Jackson.

By the advice of the Attorney-General, the Secretary of the Interior finally decided that the Metlakahtlans could settle

upon any unoccupied land in Alaska, but that no reservation could be set aside for them, as land laws for the territory had not yet been made. He also declared that when Alaskan land laws should be formed "ample provision will be made to meet the necessities of all law-abiding inhabitants."

With this assurance of fair treatment from the United States, Mr. Duncan was fully satisfied. He mailed the good news to the Indians and during the summer of 1887 a small number of them journeyed northward in their canoes to fell the forest and prepare the way for the remainder. On the 7th of August, Mr. Duncan reached the new island, having been absent in the United States nearly nine months. His welcome was most hearty as he stepped upon the beach of the New Metlakahtla, which was to be the future home of the colony. A memorable service, like that the Pilgrims must have held on landing at Plymouth Rock, was at once arranged, which a newspaper correspondent who was present described graphically as follows:

"The day was a perfect one and the visitors were at once put on shore. A more lovely place than this harbor it is impossible to imagine. It is semi-circular in shape, opening out through a number of small islands to the westward. On the east and north were wild, rugged mountains, coming down to the water's edge, and on the south is a low, green shore skirted by a

gravel beach that winds in and out in beautiful curves. The place was entirely uninhabited except by thirty or forty of the men of Metlakahtla with their families who had come on as an advance guard. The remainder, in all about one thousand people, men, women and children, will come as soon as provision can be made for them and the means of transportation shall arrive.

"The exercises were impromptu and Mr. Duncan first addressed his people in their native tongue. He told them of his trip to the United States, and concluded by introducing Hon. N. H. R. Dawson, the U. S. Commissioner of Education then upon an official tour of Alaska, who had kindly consented to make an address upon this occasion. In Mr. Dawson's address, interpreted by Mr. Duncan into the native language for the benefit of those who did not understand English, they were impressively told of the power and glory of the great American Government, under whose protection they were coming, and were assured that when its flag was raised over them, they would be protected in their lives and liberties, that their homes and lands would be assured to them, and that their education and welfare would be the cherished care of the great Government, to which they had intrusted themselves.

"When he concluded, the flags were raised, the ship saluting them as they went up

THE MISSION BUILDINGS AT NEW METLAKAHTLA

with its battery of one gun. The natives then sang 'Rock of Ages' exquisitely in their native tongue. Rev. Dr. Fraser of San Francisco, in a touching prayer, then commended the new settlement to the protection of Divine Providence, after which all united in singing 'Coronation.' Oné of the principal chiefs or selectmen, Daniel Ne-ash-kum-ack-kem, then replied to Mr. Dawson's address in a short speech as follows:

" 'Chiefs, I have a few words of truth to let you know what our hearts are saying. The God of Heaven is looking at our doings here today. You have stretched out your hands to the Tsimsheans. Your act is a Christian act. We have long been knocking at the door of another government for justice, but the door has been closed against us. You have risen up and opened your door to us, and bid us welcome to this beautiful spot, upon which we propose to erect our homes. What can our hearts say to this, but that we are thankful and happy. The work of the Christian is never lost. Your work will not be lost to you. It will live, and you will find it after many days. We are here only a few today who have been made happy by your words; but when your words reach all of our people, numbering over a thousand, how much more joy will they occasion. * * * We come to you for protection and safety. Our hearts, though

often troubled have not fainted. We have trusted in God, and He has helped us. We are now able to sleep in peace. Our confidence is restored. God has given us His strength to reach this place of security and freedom, and we are grateful to Him for His mercy and loving kindness. We again salute you from our hearts. I have no more to say.'

"At the conclusion of this reply, which was delivered in the musical intonations of his native tongue, with a grace and eloquence that did credit to the picturesque forum in which he stood, Dr. Fraser gave the benediction."

During the autumn of 1887 the remainder of the colonists removed to their new home, and throughout the following winter and spring building preparations went rapidly forward. Mr. Duncan drew up a beautiful design for the streets and homes and public buildings of the new village, so that it should be a model city in every respect. A new set of rules, or declaration of principles, was also drawn up in harmony with the present enlightened character of the people. It read as follows:

"We, the people of Metlakahtla, Alaska, in order to secure to ourselves and our posterity the blessings of a Christian home, do severally subscribe to the following rules for the regulation of our conduct and town affairs:

"1. To reverence the Sabbath and to re-

frain from all unnecessary secular work on that day; to attend Divine Worship; to take the Bible for our rule of faith; to regard all true Christians as our brethren, and to be truthful, honest and industrious.

"2. To be faithful and loyal to the Government and laws of the United States.

"3. To render our votes when called upon for the election of the Town Council, and to promptly obey the by-laws and orders imposed by the said council.

"4. To attend to the education of our children and keep them at school as regularly as possible.

"5. To totally abstain from all intoxicants and gambling, and never attend heathen festivities or countenance heathen customs in surrounding villages.

"6. To strictly carry out all sanitary regulations necessary for the health of the town.

"7. To identify ourselves with the progress of the settlement, and to utilize the land we hold.

"8. Never to alienate—give away—or sell our land, or building lots, or any portion thereof, to any person or persons who have not subscribed to these rules."

In the land of the free, in the midst of unsurpassed natural landscape, a new and more beautiful village sprang into existence under the skilled and willing hands of Mr. Duncan, and his devoted followers. A salmon cannery and saw-mill were erected,

numerous stores opened, and after months of faithful and loving toil a large and beautiful church was built. Peace and joy dwelt in the hearts of the people; industry, purity and harmony guarded the homes; and the spot became indeed Paradise Island, a bit of the garden of Eden regained.

Sixteen years after the foundation of the new village it was the good fortune of the writer to make a 3,000 mile journey across the continent and up into the Northland, solely to obtain the strange and inspiring history of these red men and to observe their present condition. The story of the journey and of some of the remarkable things seen and heard at Metlakahtla will next be related.

CHAPTER XI.

ON THE ISLE OF PARADISE.

AS the Queen of Sheba traveled far to pay a visit to the court of King Solomon to see for herself the marvels of which she had heard so much, so the writer made a round-trip journey of 6,000 miles to see the wonderful model city of Metlakahtla inhabited by red men, who yesterday were wild savages, today are well-dressed exemplary Christians. The trip from Chicago occupied nine days. Leaving the inland metropolis on Monday evening the writer reached Seattle Friday afternoon, and the following day arrived at Victoria, the old English city on Vancouver Island, which is so frequently mentioned in our narrative. Here I saw the naval station which was the headquarters of Admiral Prevost half a century previous, and called upon the venerable Bishop Cridge, who entertained Mr. Duncan upon his arrival in the city in 1857, and has ever since been a staunch friend and warm supporter. A delightful Sunday was spent in this quaint English city where the Sabbath is observed far better than in the United States. Early Monday morning I embarked on the swift steamer, "Cottage City," and for two days, as we sped northward, enjoyed a changing

panorama of sea and land scenery which is probably unparalleled on the North American continent. At five-thirty Wednesday morning we reached Ketchikan, Alaska, a gold-mining town fifteen miles from Metlakahtla, where it was necessary to change steamers. It proved to be a typical frontier village with less than a thousand inhabitants and eight saloons into whose coffers, I was informed, went two-thirds of the wages of the miners.

But fortunately I had not long to wait in the town. At nine a. m. a large steamer approached, which proved to be "The Dolphin," carrying the United States Senatorial Committee of five members, appointed to inspect Alaska for the purpose of framing laws for the territory. The vessel was just returning from a special visit to New Metlakahtla to enable the committee to see the famous Indian settlement and to obtain Mr. Duncan's views on the needs of Alaska. As the ship touched the dock I hastened on board and greeted Senator Dillingham, chairman of the committee, whom I had met in Seattle a few days previous. He took me into the captain's cabin and there introduced me to the man I had come three thousand miles to see—William Duncan! And yet, could it be possible that the vivacious, ruddy-faced man with whom I was shaking hands was the missionary who had spent forty-six years of toil and privation among the red men?

His hair and beard were white, but at seventy-two years of age he had the energy and vigor of mind and body of a man of fifty.

Mr. Duncan had come from Metlakahtla to Ketchikan as the guest of the Senatorial party, and was accompanied by two leading members of the Indian community, Mr. John Tait and Edward K. Mathers. After several hours of waiting the luxurious excursion steamer "Spokane" reached Ketchikan on its way to Metlakahtla, which it visits on every trip to Alaska, and Mr. Duncan, the Indians, and myself, were soon speeding rapidly toward the village, whose fame has reached round the world.

As we came into the bay—which I have never seen equaled for beauty at home or abroad—and beheld the quiet, peaceful village, set like a jewel between the blue sea and the purple mountains, I was filled with amazement and awe and could only inwardly exclaim: "Fifty years ago savages and today this!" What a tremendous power is contained in the Gospel! No other force on earth or above or beneath it could have transformed those savage tribes into that tranquil Indian village! Truly I was looking upon a modern miracle of the Gospel and it was marvelous beyond the power of description.

Eleven delightful days I spent at Metlakahtla as the guest of Mr. Duncan. Needless to state, there is no saloon on the

island, and during my entire stay I saw no one intoxicated and heard no profane nor angry word! Instead, a spirit of peace and quiet contentment broods over the island and fills the heart with satisfaction, and one realizes as never before of what little account are the riches and honors of the world compared with the true riches of living right with God!

The village lies on a right-angled point of land so that two sides of it face the sea. The houses of the Indians are on the average considerably finer than those in an American village of eight hundred inhabitants. They are mainly two stories in height, plentifully supplied with windows and usually have a verandah. The village sidewalks are wide and well built.

The church stands on an eminence just at the back of the village and is far the most handsome and pretentious building in the town. It was constructed entirely by the Indians themselves under Mr. Duncan's direction. The interior is finished in spruce and cedar, and the large arched auditorium, capable of seating over seven hundred people, is most impressive. The handsome pews and ornamental pulpit, with the painting of the Angels at Bethlehem above the pulpit,—indeed, everything save the pipe organ, is the result of native handicraft. The church is the largest in Alaska and has fitly been called "The Westminster of the Indians."

The combined school house and town hall stands next to the church, and has the unique distinction of being equipped with a gymnasium. Next to the school house is a commodious building designed for a boy's home or boarding school, and next that a girl's boarding school. At present there are only nine girls in the school, but it is expected the number will be shortly increased to fifteen or more.

The two most important industries in the village are the salmon cannery and the saw-mill. During a recent season the former turned out over 800,000 cans of salmon, while the latter employs a considerable number of people the year round. If any of our readers wish a good can of salmon and at the same time a souvenir from Metlakahtla let them ask their grocer for salmon put up by "The Metlakahtla Industrial Company." The chief occupations of the 800 inhabitants are salmon fishing in the summer and logging in the winter. There are nine stores in the town, the largest being owned by Mr. Duncan, the other eight by natives. The saw-mill and most of the stock of the salmon cannery are also owned by Mr. Duncan, some of the shares, however, being held by the Indians. There is no doubt but that Mr. Duncan is simply acting as trustee for the people in conducting these enterprises and that at his decease the profits, if there be any left, will be given to the village. Today Mr.

A PARTIAL VIEW OF METLAKAHTLA AS IT IS TODAY, LOOKING FROM THE CHURCH TOWER.

Duncan pays the salary of his assistants in the work, Dr. and Mrs. Boyd, and supports the girls' school, which is conducted by the doctor and his wife. Last year, as previously, Mr. Duncan personally taught the public school, in addition to all his other duties, but he finds the burden very severe and is desirous of securing a young minister and his wife to undertake this work and to assist in the spiritual training of the people.

Mr. Duncan is still the active pastor of the church, serving without salary. He preaches twice on Sunday, conducts the children's Sunday School, and the mid-week prayer-meeting. He is also the spiritual and temporal adviser and counselor of his people, and his office, where he spends many hours daily as active manager of the cannery, saw-mill and store, is the natural resort of anyone in trouble or difficulty. I spent considerable time with Mr. Duncan in his office, and sometimes there would be a stream of callers which would occupy his attention for hours together.

The home life of the people is beautiful and affectionate. Among strangers they appear stolid, for they hide their feelings, but among themselves they are often most lively and gay. I saw considerable of the nine girls in the boarding school, and they were constantly bubbling over with fun of some sort and frequent bursts of hearty, wholesome laughter filled the air. Some of

the homes are furnished very attractively, two houses in the village containing pianos.

The energy and natural talents of the people are amazing. Many of them earn double wages by doing double work. For example, the blacksmith at the cannery, Mr. Edward K. Mathers, works at night at his home carving queer figures on silver spoons. Going to the native stores on several occasions I found them locked, until I discovered that the proprietors worked at the cannery or saw-mill during the day, and opened their shops after a hasty supper in the evening. The village photographer, Benjamin A. Haldane, does not hesitate to work in the cannery when it is running and looks after his picture-making and developing after or before working hours. Mr. Haldane is a versatile and talented young man. In addition to being an excellent photographer, he is leader of the village band, and plays the pipe organ in the church. One of the two pianos in the town is in his home, and one evening he displayed much skill in playing several difficult selections for my entertainment. It is typical of the people that they learn any art or trade with astonishing ease and rapidity. There are several excellent silversmiths in the village, and at least one skilled wood carver. In addition most of the older women weave handsome baskets out of a certain kind of bark which find a ready sale to tourists.

The two Sundays spent in Metlakahtla were red letter days in my experience. On Sabbath morning all is peace and quiet throughout the village, and the spirit of worship permeates the atmosphere as strongly as the spirit of gladness fills the air of our land at Christmas-tide. At ten o'clock I stood on the church steps and watched the streams of people coming from different directions, all converging at the church door. They were dressed in the bright colors they love, and the sight of the happy people and the quiet village, with the sea and mountains for a background, made one of the most beautiful pictures I have ever seen. I was especially struck with the large number of Indian boys and girls who accompanied their parents to church, and with the sight of the very aged coming to the House of God as long as they were able to walk. One old woman, probably nearly or quite ninety years of age, bent over a large staff as she slowly approached the church. After going up a couple of steps she sat down to rest awhile, and then found strength to enter the building and worship her Creator.

Part of the church service was in the native Tsimshean language and part in English. Following the organ voluntary played by Mr. Haldane, came a song in soft, flowing Tsimshean accents. Mr. Duncan then offered prayer in Tsimshean, at the close of which all repeated the Lord's

Prayer in the native tongue. The beautiful song, "He Leadeth Me," was next sung in English by the congregation, followed by a short prayer in our language by Mr. Duncan. A passage of Scripture was then read in English by Mr. Duncan, followed by the sermon, which is always delivered in the native tongue. A short prayer in Tsimshean closed the service, an organ postlude being played as the people passed out of the church. The order of service in the evening varies little from that in the morning.

But two services during the whole of the Sabbath day cannot at all satisfy the energetic Indians. At three o'clock in the afternoon they gather in the church again for an "Adult Sunday School," the children's Sunday School being held in the school house. Here there are often more than twenty classes all taught by native teachers.

At the conclusion of the Sunday School Mr. Mathers, the blacksmith and silversmith, invited me to attend a "Sing Practice" which he holds at his home on Sunday afternoons. It is an informal gathering of ten or a dozen friends and neighbors in his parlor to learn and sing Gospel hymns. I gladly accepted and greatly enjoyed hearing the old familiar hymns in a new tongue. Some of their favorite songs are: "There's a Stranger at the Door," "There's a Land That is Fairer

Than Day," "I Will Tell the Wondrous Story," "I Must Tell Jesus," "Nearer the Cross."

Mr. Mathers is an elder in the church and a native evangelist. Whenever he is away fishing or on any business he gathers the people together and preaches to them. One day he showed me a large account book, in which he kept a record of every preaching service he held and of every prayer-meeting or sing-practice he led. The record was headed thus: "Record of God's Work Done by E. K. Mathers, Lay Preacher." He set down accurately the date, place and number of people at each meeting.

There are sixteen elders in the Metlakahtla church and each gladly grasps the opportunity to preach and exhort when he is absent from the island and can gather a few Indians together. Family worship is held in most of the homes, and daily Bible reading is the rule. I asked one young man how he read the Bible, and he said it was his custom to read it through yearly, reading three chapters each week day and five on Sunday.

One of the wisest and most devout men now living at Metlakahtla is Mr. John Tait. He is over sixty years of age, was one of Mr. Duncan's early converts and has been one of his staunchest friends and followers.

One day I asked Mr. Duncan if he would

again become a missionary if he had his life to live over. In reply he said: "I have enjoyed my work and would gladly go through it again if necessary. Looking back over my career I have nothing to regret in regard to my plans and methods of conducting the work, and if called upon to begin again would follow the same program." Mr. Duncan believes all missions would be more successful if they would follow the "Christian village" plan. He said:

"I firmly believe that missionaries all over the world should adopt the Christian settlement plan of procedure. Just as soon as a small group of Christians have been won from heathenism they should remove and form a separate and distinct colony. The converts will in that way grow and develop far better and faster than when living in daily contact with all sorts of vices common among the heathen.

"Why, suppose I had never removed my people from Fort Simpson, I could never have obtained the result you see today in this village. In one house there would be living a Christian family and in the next a heathen one. The Christians would constantly be in trouble, enduring slanders and seeing and bearing evil things that would mar the beauty of their characters.

"Now, if it were necessary for the converts to come into daily contact with all kinds of evil the plan of separation would be unwise, but no good purpose is served by it.

On the contrary the departure of the Christian from evil surroundings has been the divine plan from the beginning. God called Abraham to come out from Ur and remove to a place where a separate people could be trained up into holiness. Again the Children of Israel were led out from Egypt and given a land where they would be separated from other nations and where they were given an opportunity to become a light unto all the world."

* * *

Such is the strange and remarkable story of Metlakahtla. Its lessons of zeal and heroism, of faith and devotion, are many and inspiring. If those poor red men with their meagre advantages can produce such a beautiful Christian life in a single generation what ought not we to be and accomplish with our countless advantages and our generations of Christian ancestors!

There are other red men, and yellow men, and black men, and white men in all parts of the earth living and dying without the Gospel. Let us arise and carry the news of salvation to them, or help others to do so by giving largely of our earnings!

THE END.

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